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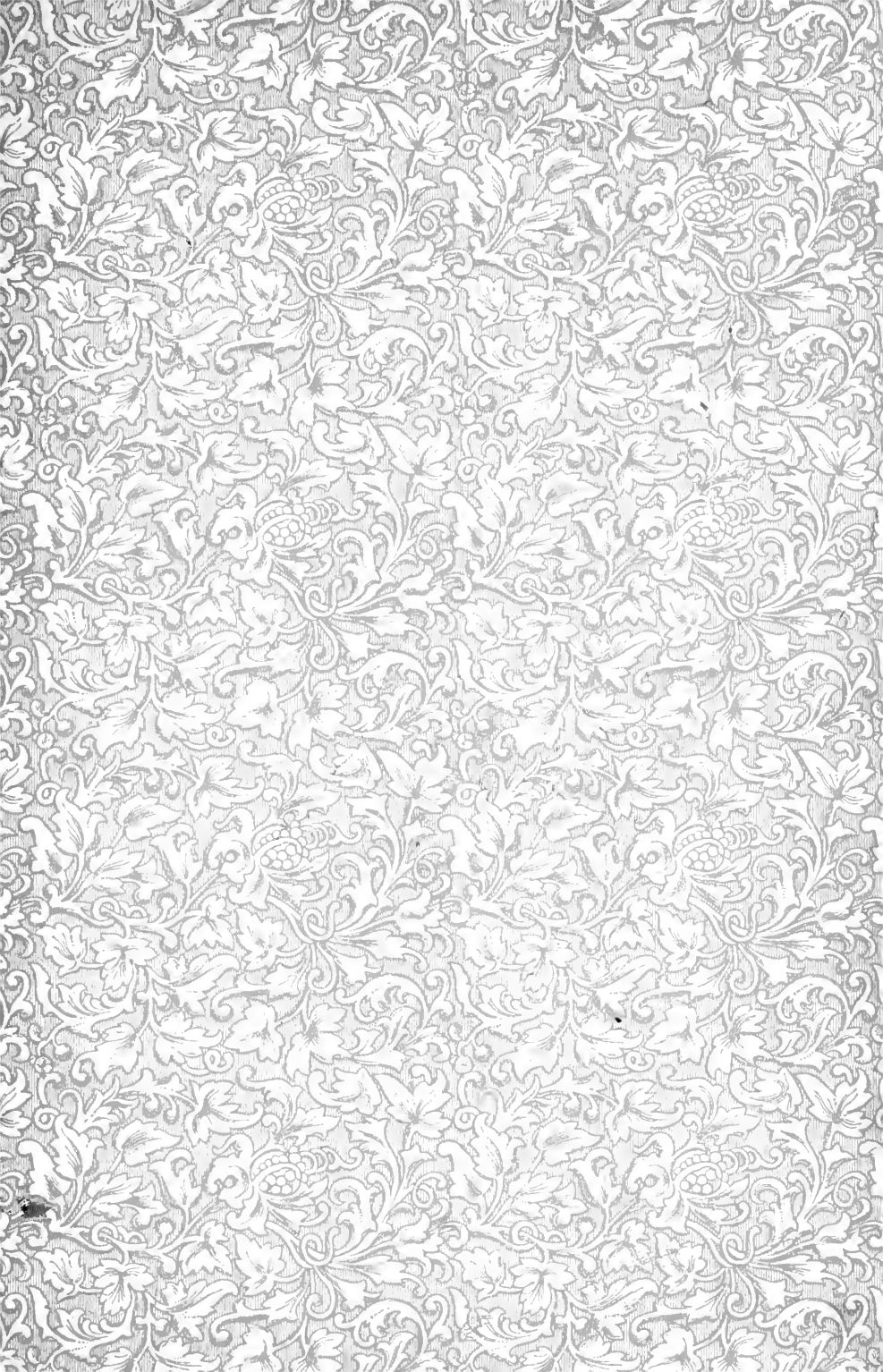


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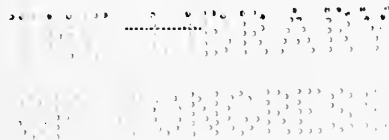
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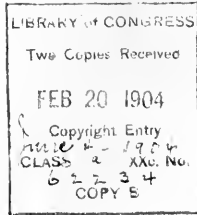
Stephen Walter Raleigh



Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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PREFACE.

THIS book has been prepared with the object in view of considering the present and future needs of the reader. The work is composed of a few selections extracted from the author's manuscript.

In the first edition there will appear a drama, poems, acrostics, also several parts extracted from "Humanity Lost," and a complete glossary for names contained in this volume. The information here presented will increase the fund of knowledge of the reader. The mastery of its contents will leave the reader with a consciousness that he has acquired knowledge that will make him self-helpful.

It is a safe and correct guide to good morals and noble aspirations, two things which all humanity should desire to attain.

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NOTES.

Notes of Drama and Poems. In this edition will appear only the V and VI Book of Humanity Lost. Drama I contains the entire Seventh Book. The I and VI Scene is written on The Beginning of Things and Time ; II, III, IV and V on The Rebellion in Heaven. Scene VI is continued from Scene I, VII, on the Golden Age. VIII, on Paradise.

Those eight Scenes are all of the first Act only.

Scenes I and II of Act II, are the starting Scenes of Humanity Lost. Those two Scenes of Act named above also start The Beginning and End of All Flesh, thus continued in Drama II.

There is in this edition a few collections on some of the greatest writers the world has ever produced, and a few collections on many of our most noted talented and accomplished Americans of great fame, who thus bring into our American and European homes, much satiety, though silent and pensive we survive, when we come to realize that many of them have passed away.

Please notice that there are four parts extracted from Book V, Humanity Lost, which are furnished with careful explication, each Number I, II, III, IV, and Part A of Scene VII., Act I.

NOTES.

Extracted from Book V, Humanity Lost.

I.

" The king of rapid crime, on his
Carriage ride, that to thrones
Tormented the seat of nations."

" The king of rapid crime " is Satan on the carriage of sin thus tormenting thrones of kingdoms. " The seat of nations " means the seat of both kingdoms and republics. What is meant by tormenting the throne of kingdoms and seat of nations is wars, rumors of wars, riots, destruction of life and property, blockading traffic and mail circulation which thus result from unlawful people.

II.

" The maker, the suit, the frame,
The mantel of mortal days, visible to
Us, attractive, enticing, allurements,
Thus feeding skillfully on the
Tender meadows of youth."

The maker is Satan, he is the maker of the suit of sin we wear. The frame is the mortal body. The mantel is the ornament of this life, the grandeur of this world. " Visible to us " means sin is before our eyes every day visible. " Attractive, enticing, allurements " means that Satan is constantly before us, tempting us, offering us all the grandeur and riches if we will obey him. " Thus feeding skillfully on the tender meadows of youth " means that Satan is very sly and skillful at his work in tempting people who are not inclined to sin, who labor hard to crush evil thus very slow to yield to the tempter. Satan is required to be very sly and skillful in order to make them obey him.

NOTES.

“ The tender meadows of youth ” means the child so tender in life, so easy to be tempted and led to evil. “ Meadows ” means comparing thus to the low degraded world of sin, thus leading the tender child to its grave of woe and sorrow. To eternity it moves most rapid and pensive

III.

“ The seed of Adam, the silky prime of three
Hundred and fifty bells, enticing, productive,
The stalk of ten hundred and fifty
Bells.”

The seed of Adam is like unto one grain of corn planted in rich soil which produced a stalk that will produce three ears of corn of a medium size; one ear of corn of a medium size will produce on an average three hundred and fifty grains. “The silky prime,” the silk of an ear of corn appears before the ear does and remains with the ear of corn until harvest when the corn is gathered and stored away in the barn. “Prime” means the chief original product of the stalk which is produced from the one grain of corn planted in the soil. “Three hundred and fifty bells” means the three hundred and fifty grains of corn on one ear of corn. What is meant by “bells” is the grains of corn first before the ear matures, are round and attractive, like the body of little bells. “Enticing” means corn of any age is a valuable produce, greatly admired by everybody, the thousands of people who love corn as food. When marketing, corn is so enticing that they are more likely to purchase more corn than any other produce. “Productive,” means the stalk is the product of the one grain of corn planted in the soil, which bears three ears of corn of a medium size, each ear will produce three hundred and fifty grains. “The stalk of ten hundred and fifty bells,” means the stock of the entire product of the one grain of corn, planted in rich soil, which would be ten hundred and fifty grains. Take ten hundred and fifty

NOTES.

grains and plant them in rich soil, each grain will produce a stalk of three ears of corn, ten hundred and fifty grains. Calculate what the product will be of ten hundred and fifty grains planted in rich soil. Each grain will produce a stalk of three ears, each ear will produce three hundred and fifty grains. Ten hundred and fifty stalks will produce three thousand one hundred and fifty ears of corn, each ear will produce three hundred and fifty grains.

Errata.

On page 23, the second line of Sonnet should read,
" It is hard "

On page 125, the word " chandles " should be
" challenge."

On page 130, the word "supress" should be "suppress."

NOTES.

Explication of Part A, extracted from Scene VII,
Act I, Drama I, Book VII.

Cad. One moment, Athamas ; I hear the wretched
Songs of Satan ; O how they do remorse
The temples bereaved, I must relent,
Or I'll thus quoth he on his satiety.

“ The wretched songs of Satan ” denotes his fullness of joy and great satisfaction to realize that he was so successful in leading thousands of spirits in heaven to follow him in a rebellion. “ The temples bereaved ” were once the royal temples of the rebelled spirits ; when the spirits fell, the temples fell with them. They are bereaved, because they are lost ; they can never be regained. The spirits of those temples are sorry that they ever allowed themselves to be misled by Satan. Therefore, the songs of Satan doth greatly remorse those temples.

NOTES

IV.

“ The power of omnipotence, descended,
Confused all mankind, confounded
Their tongues, thee seed of Shinar,
Their products broadcasted,
That, over the world Babylonians
Fled.”

The power of omnipotence, God was displeased with the descendants of Noah who settled in the land of Shinar, when they began to build the tower of Babel to reach unto Heaven, he descended with great power and confounded their language. “ Confused all mankind,” they were greatly confused because they could not understand each other. At that time the world was of one language, so they were compelled to leave off building the tower. “ Confounded their tongues,” God confounded their language.” The seed of Shinar, their products broadcasted.” The seed of Shinar was scattered all over the world. “Over the world Babylonians fled.” The descendants of Noah in the land of Shinar are the first Babylonians because they were the first and only people who settled in the land of Shinar and built the tower to reach unto Heaven, and gave it the name Babel or Babylon, and where the tower stood the city of Babylon was built, which was the capital of the Babylon kingdom. The Babylonian kingdom was founded in the land of Shinar, therefore the first settlers in the land of Shinar after the flood are the first and original Babylonian people.

Most sincerely, I remain,

STEPHEN WALTER RALEIGH.

GLOSSARY

for the Dramatic Names of this Play.

Drama I., Book VII.

Aethra. A goddess of the dawn, and daughter of the king of Troezen.

Aegeus. One of the gods of the sea.

Argus. Belongs to group of myths of the heavens.

Artemis. A goddess of the woods. She was recognized above all her nymphs who attended her, to be very tall and most beautiful and much accomplished.

Athamas. Belongs to the group of myths of the sun.

Apollo. One of the gods of the sun.

Adam. The first man created.

Able. The son of Adam.

Bellerophon. Belongs to group of sun myths.

Cronus. The god of time. He belonged to the group of the beautiful Titans. There were six of them, they were all brothers ; also there were six sisters, goddesses, who were called Titanides. Cronus dethroned his father Uranus, slew him. He himself became the ruler over the world.

Chimera. Belongs to group of myths of demons of darkness.

Cadmus. One of the sun gods.

GLOSSARY.

Cain. A son of Adam.

Danaë. Belongs to group of earth myths.

Eve. The first woman, the wife of Adam.

Eros. The god of love, belongs to the group of sun myths.

Gaea. A goddess of the earth.

Gabriel. One of the archangels of heaven.

Hera. Belongs to group of myths of the heavens.

Helios. One of the gods of the sun.

Idas. The brave and noble hero, the husband of Marpessa

Lucifer. Satan, who was the commander-in-chief of the rebellion in heaven Now the king of hell, the founder of all crime.

Michael. One of the archangels of heaven.

Medusa. Belongs to the myths of the demons of darkness.

Mindaür. Belongs the group of myths, of demons of darkness.

Marpessa. The most beautiful daughter of Evenus, one of the Grecian Kings

Minos. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Hell.

Nereus. Belongs to myths of the waters, one of the sea gods.

Poseidon. Belongs to group of myths of the waters, the sea god.

Persephone. Was carried off by Pluto She was the beautiful daughter of Demeter, the goddess of the earth.

GLOSSARY.

Pluto. Belongs to the myths of the lower world he is the god of the kingdom of darkness

Promethens. Belongs to group of fire myths.

Phocus. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Hell.

Rhea. Belongs to group of myths of the earth.

Rhadamanthus. The President Judge, of the Supreme Court of hell.

Semele. Belongs to group of myths of the earth

Sirens. Belongs to myths of the waters.

Uranus. Belongs to myths of the heavens. He was the first king, over the other gods, of Mount Olympus.

Zeus. Made war with his father Cronus. After ten years' hard fighting he succeeded to dethrone Cronus his father, and became king himself over all the other gods of the heavens, the myths of Mount Olympus.

Ten of the Heavenly ranks of War. Is ten archangels, of the rebellion in heaven.

The Ten Titans. Five of them are gods and five of them are goddesses, which are called Titanides.

Ten Demons of Hell are Satan's ten invisible agents.

Ten Terrestrial Spirits are the ten visible spirits of earth.

The Hundred-Armed and One-Eyed Brothers, are the ugly children of king Uranus and Gaea. They had each of them either a hundred arms or only one eye, they were as big as mountains and very frightful, which made them so hideous.

By STEPHEN WALTER RALEIGH.

SONNETS.

I.

Written in 1898.



PAY
THY WAY,
THEN OBEY
THE SABBATH DAY,
AND NEVER BETRAY
SWEET VIRTUE'S TRUE RAY.
EVER FORELAY,
I WILL SAY,
THY WAY
PAY.



SONNETS.

II.

Written at the age of 13.

Winter is the cold breath,
Spring is the life,
Summer the strife,
And the autumn is death.

.....

III.

Written at the age of 12.

May the grace of our Lord be with us,
And all thanks in honor to God.
And the love of the blessed Jesus,
Saviour, the Holy Ghost we nod.
Lead us nearer thy door,
Now and forever more. Amen.

SONNETS.

IV.

Written at the age of 11.

Now unto thee I cry,
Jesus who came to die,
For poor sinners like me,
Lost on life's frantic sea

.....

V.

Written at the age of 10.

Night last, my dreams contented roll,
My drifting thoughts thus bore away ;
They did soar beyond my control,
On angel wings till break of day.

SONNETS.

VI.

Written at the age of 12.

O my lord,
It is is hard,
Thy ways to forget.
Remember us,
Our free faith will let,
O, thou Jesus.
Now let us pay,
Our debts to day.
And feast on love
Through Christ above.

VII.

Written at the age of 12.

O ! just beign,
Through faith seen,
Now save us,
Dear Jesus.

SONNETS.

VIII.

Written at the age of 13.

There's a tireless gull of the sea,
Beaming down his tender sigh,
Upon the anger roar I see,
Till life's lasting date must die.

.....

IX.

Written at the age of 14.

Our good shepherds lead,
Our foreign flocks feed,
Our domestic herds breed,
Our mountain deers speed,
Positively, that's not amiss,
Though love is lost without a kiss.

SONNETS.

X.

Written at the age of 16.

Natural mountain rocks spring not,
Canorous birds sing not,
The noted deaf ears ring not,'
O say my dear, that's all amiss.

XI.

Written at the age of 16

Our groans are deep,
Often we weep.
Over the heep,
We sadly peep.
O my dear, that's not amiss.

SONNETS.

XII.

Written November 1902.

To the slaughter herds are speeding,
In the slaughter ewes are bleeding,
Lovers of perjury denying,
Truth on stand our courts are defying.
Bold lovers of dark deeds there lying,
In their brutal shame are dying.
Law, be the prince, and lover of justice,
Evidence of criminals be not trice.
Ye the weight of shame undergo,
Dark wretched crime your visage know.

SONNETS.

XIII.

Written at the age of 18.

Our inspiring meeting poor swains,
Shall greet thee on the merry plains.
The pious youth from us is fled,
All jealous lovers be not dead.

.....

XIV.

Written 1903.

There is no worth of idle test,
The floating characters of thine eyes,
Doth bring to knowledge no surprise,
Scarce ye prone rehearse wanted rest.
I trust ye bathe in liberty,
Where noble stars lie still and free,
Though on the compass of thine eye,
All kind of objects breathe and die.
Echoes yet mourn your merry horn,
And but leaps, thus of late forlorn.

SONNETS.

XV.

Written at the age of 15.

A thousand lovers cannot hold,
My heart in soft impression mold,
For the springs of my veins are cold,
And I thus remain uncontrol'd.

.....

XVI

Written at the age of 11.

My heart's history be not strange,
Though many wants remote, I range.
My chastity, my years unripe,
Leaves but suits of a mortal type.

SONNETS.

XVI.

On the State of Maine

Written 1884.



MAINE,
NO STAIN,
NOR COMPLAIN,
WITH THEE REMAIN.
I NOW TRUTHFULLY CAN EXPLAIN
I BEAR NO LOVE FOR THEE IN PAIN.
WHY THINK IN VAIN,
THEE TO TRAIN,
THY REIGN,
MAINE.



HUMANITY LOST.

BOOK V.

First of all, the Creator's love became
So intense for the work of his hands, he saw
That it was good, which led to the creation
Of Eden, thence to the creation of man.
The first parents of all mankind, now ranks of
Millions, bearing the honor of
Omnipotent love, thus rapidly
Marching to us, with a love, stronger
Than the love of Alceste, who laid down
Her life for Admetus. Disobedience,
Directly leads to terrestrial revolts,
Constantly breeding wars on us,
Visible, and invisible. The beautiful
Temple to Acræa, by Melampus, on the
Mountain visible to Argos, cannot
Be compared to the temple, Satan
In vain strove to win. The covetous
Ranks, the host led by Lucifer,
Moved the tribes of Moloch, that
In revolt against the Seat of Justice.
They screen not the crime of ages, but
Feed on lust, where unsuccessful
Fountains lie, ranks of terrestrial veins,
First, move in revolt against the seat of
Omnipotence, at once, the mighty host
Of celestial beings rose in arms to defend
The bar of justice. All the sullen tribes of
Hell, can create no longer? revolts in heaven,
The battlefield of Satan, exist in the sphere
We reside. Thousands of years since, the
Unsuccessful wars in heaven, the tempter e're
Wreaked on all mankind his loss, since
Banished from heaven, his flight to hell,
Then, the everlasting declaration of peace,
Was declared in heaven, since the creation
Of man, Satan in the shape of a serpent,
Tempted the woman, persuaded the man,

HUMANITY LOST.

To declare war against the Creator, and
All heaven, then, ever since bloody wars
With us prevail, visible and invisible. The
Envious chief of hell, his hatred towards the
Creator, his wretched crime, breeds on us
Terrestrial revolts. Our innocent parents, first
Without knowledge, in the happy garden
Of Eden, their first disobedience, brought
Into the world, the wretched wars which once,
Existed in heaven unsuccessful. Satan
The sullen chief of hell, whose love for obedience
Cannot be compared to the love of Ananias
Of Salamis. First, lay down the stroke of
Revenge, graze in happy ravines, feed not,
Where inhuman fountains lie, brand the
Light of success, then over tormented stars
Brood, till feeble sinews of passionate knees
Bend. They contemplate on storage of
Lust, on us, deterrent, their shadows
Break, that to set adrift, the innocent of
Tender days, say reverse the king of
Rapid crime, on his carriage ride, that to
Thrones tormented, the seat of nations.
In the sphere we reside, criminals of
Hell, are sentenced by the court
Of Phocis, before the bar of Minos, the seat of
Rhadamanthus. I see multitudes
Insurmountable, charging on the bridle
Line of battle, that to blend, their
Insuperable armies held at bay, demons of
War, the wretched tribes of impurity. They
Nibble over harmonical bars of innocence,
That to blemish, not the lack of
Insipidity, seven times, on the cold steel
Of night, ancient heroes, at the head of
Celestial ranks, the bulk of war, step
By step, voluntarily moving into numbers,
That slowly, then through the dale, keen
On harmonic skill, thus determined
The notable tailor, the maker, the suit,
The frame, the mantle of mortal days,
Visible to us, attractive, enticing,

HUMANITY LOST.

Allurement, thus feeding skillfully on
The tender meadows of youth. The seed
Of Adam, the silky prime of three
Hundred and fifty bells, enticing,
Productive, the stalk of ten hundred
And fifty bells, we are summoned before
The court of honor, the seat of justice,
The bar of redemption. Say the veil
Of heaven, the curtain of love, hides
Nothing from our view. The level
Grades of a thousand seasons, thus
Breeding on us. I see silly forts of
Brindled ranks, that to blemish, before
The plains of Prometheus, the angry
Zeus, on bearings of impatient minutes,
Soon found himself flashing into war,
Then the bulk of arrows, driven by the
Bow of Heracles, delivered Prometheus
I see a mighty host of archangels,
Flashing into golden flames, that,
By gorgeous fountains harmonious, for
Under heaven there's no beauty to be
Compared to the beauty of the
Host I see, no, no, nor the beauty of
Marpessa, on her royal carriage fly,
That, to become the happy bride of Idas.
I see discontented ranks of demons,
Sadly trailing through the vaulted
Doom of woe, that, like the beautiful
Persephone, in the dark kingdom of
Pluto. They torment our peace, the
Sommiloquest dame, prancing on
Discontented piers, thus stealing
Down the narrow trail, to exacerbation,
There pealing the angry current of woe
The deep unknown fathoms in
Our souls, there breeding discontented
Worms in mortal caves, that to feed
On our tender nerve, the bulk of
Shame, they continue to toil in
Rotten furrows of crime, the shallow
Ravines of chaos, thus plowing through

HUMANITY LOST.

Pain, who's agents we cannot esteem
The loss of Satan we bear, his wretched
Crime we cannot ignore, our first
Parents, the first slaves to hell, there
Belched up flames of disobedience
On us. We cannot voluntarily
Harmonize with gentle deeds, softly,
Tenderly, feeding where pure fountains
Lie. Their woven deeds in robes dark,
On us determined, thus scaling the
Mortal keel, many fathoms deep in
Merry lakes. I see they tamper with
Innocent veins of metallic ore, that to feed
On plunder, the stealth of mortal
Crime, they exasperate the nerve of
Tender breeding, escape tho' we may,
Many dangers, speeding on us. We're not
The children, first intended, yet in war
There's some heroic deeds, branded
On the garment of pain where
Unsuccessful fires penetrate not.
At the head of rebelled ranks, thus
Scouting the happy bars of heaven, his
Loss thus torments the carriage of mortal
Peace, the burden, the yoke of pain we
Bear till immortal days on us roll.
I see the canorous sphere of love, trailing
On harmonic wing of omnipotence.
Within the happy sphere, desirous
Creatures of mortal love can reside;
It's a mortal sphere, voluntarily trailing
Through the dark empires of earth,
Then through the vaulted kingdom
Of Pluto. To all mankind many profess
Sincerely, obedience to the seat of omnipotence,
All mankind, they deceive, but the
King of omnipotence, they cannot
Deceive. No temple on earth, can
Survive everlasting, nor the famous
Town of Greece, the beautiful Athens,
Then between Poseidon and Athens
Strife arose, war thus began,
Malice was bent the bow of desperate

HUMANITY LOST.

Revenge, compared to revolts in heaven.
O, say, a star on the face of night
Visible to immortal spiers, throned
Above, the image of power, too
Brilliant for lower fires. Wretched demons
Of unsuccessful wars in heaven, must
Retreat, from the pure empyrean,
The orb which surveys the gulf,
Between victory and loss, appealed to
Omnipotent arms, then the fall of
Satan, banished from heaven,
Forever sentenced to hell, his flight
To the new created world, there
Belched upon all mankind,
His wretched curse, thus creating
Terrestrial wars, invisible, yet
Visible, the victorious host resound
Forever blessed, where happy fountains dream
On the bosom of woe, then rose the
Gloom, the unpardon shadow of
Fate, all rebelled ranks, thus
Transported to never return,
Destruction determined on us, lost
Without grace, we must repent,
Time's too short for consideration
O, say, look in the lattice, thou tellest
The face twisted in crime, correct
Mistakes, the weight of vice, bearing
On the mortal scales of hope, the
Power of Omnipotence, descended,
Confused all mankind, confounded
Their tongues, the seed of Shinar,
Their products broadcasted, that
Over the world Babalonian's fled.
Existing darkness invisibly roll, thus
Feeding on the pillow of superstition,
Not sublimity.
They are sirs of idle thrones, and
Sullen lords of pagan empires. O, say,
Exterminate all confederate ranks of
Pagan wars. Aboard the bark of woe,
On the deck of pain, at the helm
Of hope, we weather a thousand seas.

HUMANITY LOST.

The hurricane roar,
The sooner be o'er.
There forever more,
Invisible shore,
We shall see,
In the lea,
Liberty
Of the free.

They breed on us many a fate, unknown,
Their desire mound on our facade,
They cannot avail ? they unsuccessfully
March to battle with the happy bride
Of war, the beautiful bell of day.
On wretched isles, my sorrow doth gaze,
Leaving my heart alone, that to mourn on
Parting grief, the crime of merry wars
Feast on desire, the lust of ages. O thou
Beautiful dial of the sun, measure our
Thoughts on the wing of hope, I'm the
Guilty child, pressing the bloody sword,
Thus in the barrier of my teeth. The
Royal princely Odysseus, on the trail
Of wisdom, thus bearing not on the yoke
Of tender minutes, the annual pest of
Revenge, they shape the arrows of war,
They drill on contemptible fields,
Uncultivated, their dreams, nine
Times, torments the bell of night,
That, in grief, on the gallows of Cain,
Sweeps generations to dust. They at
The palace door, there seated on
Polished hides, "O, feel not offense," I say,
For things to relish thy taste, may
Mercifully feed on thy tender thoughts,
That around the heavens from west
To east, on the immortal face of
Zodiac. O, say, can they introduce
Their thoughts, to the wise Anchialus,
The lord of oar-loving Takhians,
Or the clear-eyed Athene, the bronze,
Of the pagan age. Those numbers

HUMANITY LOST.

Skilled in war, of silly days, on desire,
Not peacefully, thus breathed on us,
Their loss, the burden of woe, the belt
Of pain, the garments of shame, the
Sword of blood, the shield of dust,
The doom of death, we must bear.
Ah ! say, at Mycenæ, the hero
Amphitryon, there came to ask for
The hand of Alcmene in marriage,
Then the unintentional murderer,
To Thebes fled, thus purged from
The stain, he many sacrifices bore, that
On the trail of thought, must decline on
Grief in vain. Twist the monster, turn
The key, then through the door of
Heaven march, in haste salute the
Heir of memory, thou hast not yet, laid
Away the fighting gear, nor laid
Down in the rear, the note of retreat,
I say, in gentle words, beguile the suitors,
For it's all tarnished, the foul scent
Of war, in peace, they cannot roll the
Merry ball, the orb of ivory hills, for
Flames tormented, cease not. The glory of
Blameless ranks, reverence the god,
Which rules a people numerous
And mighty, thus handing down
Justice to all mankind. The
Marriage of hell, the dame of strife,
On meadows superstitious, that, with
The weight of ruin. To grieve
Incessantly only makes matters
Worse, for thou knowest the wrong,
Thy parents have taught thee to
Rebel, "not the beloved seed of
Omnipotence," O say, on my bosom
Breathe another tear, or I'll
Be lost. The bold shameless
Creatures, that of wretched wars, in
Their guilty deeds, strove to 'scape
The notice of Omnipotence, must
Their crime, stagnate the pure

HUMANITY LOST.

Fountains of immortal ages.
The critics of shame have many a
Twisted face to hang, on burning
Walls, unperpendicular, they cannot
Articulate, the sentence we
Graze, nor feed where fountains lie
Conscientiously, They provoke many
A peaceful song, thus ringing on
The peal of night, much
To lose, nothing to gain, on the base, not
Redeemed, their roasted ideas on passionate
Fires burn, then rose in revolt, against
The mighty host of archangels, and all
Celestial arms of heaven. Disobedience
Without knowledge, brought into the
World, the early shame we must bear
Sooner redeemed, sooner the wretched
Crime of Satan, shall cease to
Wreck on all mankind his loss
Not against Mickel only, did they march
The chosen seed of Satan, their invention
Subtle, prove much revenge, thus against
All heaven. Invisable demons,
Mounted on dishonorable steeds of
War, stir up revolts, for combustible
Fires in them must burn.

HUMANITY LOST.

BOOK VI.

The richly palms in vanity, coats
The impious curtains of lust, then
Revolving pearls on us beam,
Thus voluntarily moving in a beautiful
Type, there decorating the walls of
Conceit, then the orchestra moves
The graceful line of march, of
Richly costumes, their silks and
Satins gorgeous, the unbalanced
Lever of thought, the injustice
Of all mankind, have lost in youth,
Down to eternity they go, brooding
Over the vast abyss, to them the
Devil has declared, Omnipotence
Powerless, this swaying the rod of
Command, over all mankind.
From false representation, their
Unnumbered gain rose to a
Monarchy of strife, their lascivious
Eyes, then rolled in vain,
To see their wretched course of shame.
Through disgraceful atmosphere,
On disgusted wings they drift,
Astray they go, their courage lost,
On the carriage of vanity. Against the
Tide and wind they row, their
Pleasures all in vain, the wretched
Shame of innocent mankind, they reap
In pain, thus bearing the honors of
A nation they cannot love. The
Heroes of a million spheres, riding on
Clouds of courage, then on chariots
Of thunder, thus speeding in costly
Robes, to victory they fly. I see the
Shadow of Omnipotence, bending
Over the victorious host of celestial

HUMANITY LOST.

Arms, which sweep all rebellious
Ranks, into the lower pit of hell.
Thou star of the heroic wing, the
Flash of night, on the billow of repose,
Thus bearing our mortal desire, on the
Trail of hope and charity. Experienced
Faith at large, teach us of
Things remote, invisible, in daily
Life, the stare of heavenly historians,
Lies before us, renders to us things
Unpractised, prepared not, to seek
The high pitch of sympathy, but
Descend a lower flight of undesired
Creatures, to cloud our unfortunate
Hopes, unexpecting. Are we most
Unreasonable critics, I tenderly advise
Thee, pursue on, we are remorse, we
Are ungraceful uneloquent creatures,
To us, terrestrial things caressing,
Brings to our dark repose, no satiety.
O the dance and song of prayer,
While I'm with thee, in heaven I seem,
The sweeter thy discourse is to me,
The more I thirst for righteousness.
To the seat of Omnipotence, the price of
Unworthy labor I bring, the solitary
Hour of repast, we brood much over
Things unjust, matters incompetent,
They breed dishonorable worms, thus
Feeding on innocent flesh. Those
Wretched guards at the gates of hell.
Belch up revenge on us, they outsend
Spies too contemptible for eternal hell.
Continuously the flames of bitter wrath,
Burn on the base of our thoughts,
Thus flashing o'er disagreeable
Latitudes, undisarm'd ranks from
Lower kingdoms, falling in line
Of battle, their unsuccessful charge,
Soon belched up retreat, there was
Silence in heaven, fifty times the
Space of minutes then all the holy

HUMANITY LOST.

Ranks of celestial arms, soon rose
With great power, showered down
Combustion, on all rebellious ranks
Of hell. Predjudice and jealousy lie deep, concealed
In narrow caves of ignorance. 'Twas
Horrible deeds unsuccessful, which
Heaped up disaster on all mankind.
O say, " the creator of all things,
To us, seem full of compassion.
The lascivious crime of mankind, the
Low current, through dark channels
Flow. Not inconsistency," surveys the
Valuable age, of honorable spirits. On
The universal stage of action, we
Plow into dust, the immortal
Doom. I see their wretched deeds,
Thus grounded on bold contempt.
Say, " What course shall our tears
Pursue, on the innocent trail of
Grief?" Ah ! how sweet where the lives
Of emperors, which Spartianas wrote.
Was Paulus austere in his morals,
Or an enemy to Gracchi, the grandfather
Of noble blood, whose seed was accursed
Before Cæsar, and defended by Cicero ?
Then the incapacity of Verus, which
Was slowly breeding into shame,
Forced his way to the rapid swinging
Gates of death. The seed of chosen
Shepherds, in the happy garden
Of grief, on their bosom tender
Moments feed, they softly
Graze on the lives of gentle words,
Those honorable hills of noble deeds,
For on our innocent lips, they no doubt
Forlorn the kiss, they cannot repay.
The dawn of life, must bruise our
Character, which to us seem wise.
Satan, since banished from heaven,
His flight to hell, there chained four,
Thousand years, when loosed a short
Season, then wrecked on all mankind

HUMANITY LOST.

His loss. In the new-created world,
He established his wretched kingdom,
Then since, became the contemptible
King of all crime, thus heaping upon
Us the burden of death and woe,
Then on his savage trail of a
Thunder roar, seeking whom he
May devour.

Wretched serpents abide,
On the dark ocean tide,
Of the unfortunate side,
Of our bold mortal guide.

In us the arrows of light,
Penetrates the doom of thought.
Wars thus begun, angels and
Archangels descended, with
Unconquerable ranks of arms, ninty
Nine times, more powerful than Mamercus,
Who conquered the Jidenates, or
Regillus, who conquered the commander
Of Antiochus at sea, thus obtained a naval
Triumph. Their successful march, not
A flight intended to soar, but arms
Array'd with power, the noble ranks
Of gorgeous steps, not the Trojan
Prince, the noble blood of Anchises,
For his royalty nine times, measures
The unequalled day and night.
Our parents, their first existence, the
Bold contempt of disobedience,
Pleasure seems too rapid, to govern or
Control the innocent mind,
Intended not to yield, obedience
Thus intended a noble life, could
It be such, as the decendents of
Mamercus, not as Lepida, or
Æmylius, mounted on his brazen
Steed, determined to press the honor of
Macer of Verona, in the age of
Augustan tells us of wretched

HUMANITY LOST.

Serpents, whose heads the seed of
Adam shall bruise. O, say, shall
We 'scape the punishment thus
Ordained, yet we mention not
Violence against ourselves, but
Wilful ignorance darkens our
Hope, acts of contumacy provokes
The Supreme, makes death in us
Live. Germs on silver lakes,
Poison not mistakes of Battus, the
Shepherd of Pylos. Fowls on a
Conspicuous soar, train our
Hearts, to breathe on them,
Another tone that from
The fowler's cage, the innocent
Bird on rapid wings, doth to
Isles of liberty fly, Macer sang
Of the heavenly fowls, and Marcus
Scaurus, in the age of Tiberias,
Sang of Athens.
On mortal pail, the shell of dreams,
Those idle moments flash into
Thought, for six thousand winters,
Besieged the innocent frame of mortal
Mankind.

They from us stole away,
We gave noble chase,
That till the break of day,
This unfortunate race.

Oh say, on that lovely trail, let the rule
Of redemption measure my thoughts,
And I shall be free, germs on
Silver lakes, poison not mistakes of
Battus, the Shepherd of Pylos.
O, weigh the loss our honor may sustain,
For nature crescent feeds not alone,
Virtue in our will must fear, that the
Inward seed of the soul, may grow
Into active service, thus to govern the
Mind, our wisdom must believe, acts

HUMANITY LOST.

Particular obstructing our view. Virtue
'Scapes not calumnious strokes the
Saying deed, the voice of many a
Wretched man, wrecks not the flow
Of death and woe. Many a song in
Grief, on the lascivious dye, sits
Brooding in tears. Their haunted
Spears penetrate the dark
Mournful sheet, of oar-weeping
Nations, then through the steel
Of hope, 'scape the punishment
Thus ordained. Must our posterity,
In the morn and liquid dew,
Point out to others, the keen
Appetite of revenge, our safety lies
In fear, for the arrows by day,
Measure by night, rods of truth,
Shall happiness breed on us,
Like that of Æneas and his posterity,
Which was destined to reign over the
Trojans? Did he with his fleet, go
To the Thracian Chersonesus, where
Polymnestor reigned? Was he kindly
Received by Dido, Queen of Carthage?
Did she in marriage give her
Heart to him? Was he driven to a
Farewell voyage, then anchored in
The lea of Cuanæ, from there
Conducted to hell? No doubt the
Prodigal soul, sincerely desires to
Prolong his stay, for temporal
Pleasures, as he can see, cost him
Nothing, but down deep, in the
Gulf of many a tale, there's no light
Of hope, for disastrous tongues, on
Gnashing of teeth, feed on silly
Fires of worthless fuel, the tormented
Flames of many a broken vow
The unwelcome promise, the shot
Of danger, unmask not to
Omnipotence, a pleasant morn of
Review, nor the tears, the happy

HUMANITY LOST.

Dew of youth. The heroic host, the
Batallion ranks of heaven, their
Patriotic march to defend the
Seat of justice, the nobility of
Arietides was never so just, who was
Banished by the influence of
Themistocles, within six years recalled
By the Athenians, at the battle of
Salamis, there appointed commander-
In-Chief, then defeated Mardonius.
The ranks of night, lit the candle
Of war, the shot of danger,
Then stars of pain in them
Burn, for wretchedness on dreams of
Vain thoughts availeth nothing.
The burden of shame, on the
Carriage of mortal woe, speeding thus,
On flames unconsumed of lasting fires,
Discontented souls beam not, on the
Rage of retreat. They have sealed the
Cost of courage, on the barren walls,
The thinking frame of all mankind.
Did Aristcmencs on the Hellespont,
Encourage his countrymen, to shake
Off the Lacedæmonian yoke, whose
Burden too great to be borne, did
He defend the virtuous dame of
Sparta, or refuse the title of
King? Was he contented to bare
The yoke of war? No doubt was
Dexterous in eluding the vigilance
Of the Lacedæmouians, then taken
Captive, thence unfortunately
Killed. O, say, flank the sullen
Troops, the wretched line of battle.
Give space, that the star of courage,
May forever on us beam, was it
From celestial realms, the dark veil
Of death descended to hide from
Us the view of heaven, thus
Intended not. to breed on the
Invisible orb of happiness, not

HUMANITY LOST.

Heaven, but disobedience downtrodden,
By the radiant host of angels link'd,
That to combustion, celestial fires
Determined, thus to silence, their
Revenge on us, back to the mansion,
His happiness they cannot recall,
Nor the blissful seat regain.
Can I unfold the tale, whose
Lightest word, would harrow my
Soul ; thus freeze the venturous
Blood of youth, that lust may
Seat itself in a bed of celestial
Stars, yet they prey on garbage,
But soft they scent the dew of
Morning air, there weeping
Within the orchard, thus brooding
Over the record of disobedience.
Their poor souls, have within, the
Merit, the scent of foul retreat,
The fool'd rebel powers, then all
Array, thus pine within, and
Suffer death, then their outward
Walls so costly gay ? with brazen
Deceit they paint, and revenge on
Us present conceit, for they merit
Within themselves much grace.
Say, conscience is neither too young
Nor old, to know the power of love,
Gentle gestures, urge not our mistakes,
Lest we be guilty of faults, our sweet
Self prove, for they betray supreme
Trust, the nobler seat triumph in
Love.
They urg'd things, our conscience
Cannot reprove ; the path of danger
Yet lies smooth before us, they recall
Not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since disobedience, absorbed the
Sweetness once in us, now is dead.
The simple semblance blot on us,
Much blame, for nefarious things
In us breed, soon they will all be

HUMANITY LOST.

Bereaved, thus making the
Tyrant stains in us, an
Uncomfortable sunshine in our
Souls. Gentle springs may in us
Always fresh remain, then winter
Forged on earth, his frozen vapor,
That round and over us lie, I could
Tell his chilly tales, but, I dare not say,
For the text is gray and old, and
Uncontrolled. In sadness away we
Fly, many a soul of nineteen has
Embark'd, leaving upon earth much love,
Greatly distress'd, homeward through
The dark lawn, they glide, thus
Folding the object, which feeds their sight,
They forlorn not, the peaceful shade
Of night, the tuneful peal on his
Carriage ride. The stain, the type
Of crime on us print, the scent of
Danger, the wretched trail of foul
Retreat, their faint recollection,
Inspires not the web, over the dial
Of memory. The peace work of
Crime, on the simple stage of old,
They esteem incapable creatures,
Which rapidly breed on hills
Cultivated not, they 'scape the
Battle charge, of the radiant host
Of angels link'd which round us
Bend. On the dial of our hearts,
The map and youth of observation
Copied there. the book and
Volume of base matters mix'd, thus
Bray out the triumph of our
Pledge, that may an opportunity be,
At the marriage feast, for our
Custom is, a happy life
Congratulate. Since nature his
Origin cannot choose, makes us
Traduc'd, and tax'k of lower
Kingdoms, the vicious mole,
The innocent birth, of a guilty vein,

HUMANITY LOST.

Must undergo the foul dreadful
Cliff, of that summit mourn.
Ministers of faith, the noble substance
Of grace, defend us, we appeal to
The radiant spirits of health, link'd,
That to us, bring the air of heaven,
That feeds the bellows of our body,
That creatures in us may thrive.
O, peace; may I grace the merit in thee,
Or silence the peace-loving Trygaeus,
Riding on the wing of his dung-beetle,
That in the style of Bellerophon
Clouds of war into riots burst, thus
To ridicule the metaphysics
Of Sophists, spiritual beings to us,
Are seemingly purposeless not, peace
Thus begins, the bray of war, wide
And wild, the giant of Olympus,
That with his comrade riot, for the
Porches of his feet grows not, but
Longs for rest, yet sleeping, the
Peace of night; lays quiet and still,
While he is purling, did he grow
Faint; to see the shroud of his
Bosom turn to dust. Nefarious
Creatures, curb not the trail of justice,
But leaves the world to the mercy of hell,
O, vile mankind, let thy life contribute
To justice, that thou mayst, in thee,
Grace some merit of respect, if thou
Will, then thou shall, the merit
In others courteous. Their wretched pipes,
Yet sounds the note of crime, the
Coming reverse, they within
Their sporting hives, dwell contented
In the suburbs of temporal
Pleasure, if this be not true, I am
Deceived, for then; in vain, I
Did rail at opportunity, and
Spurn not, at my confirm'd
Attitude. In them abides the
Dust of worlds, the helpless smoke of

HUMANITY LOST.

Strife, for we in shame taste
The foul scent of war, their
Impious act, the foul dishonor of
A shallow grave, yet their shame
Will survive, the trial of accidental
Things, delay not the bars, which
Doth intentionally stop the hourly
Dial, which hammers to death, minutes
Of life in us thrive. In our hearts,
Sweet contented roses, on the nodding
Stem, blooms our stay, yet thy
Lingering stay, pays the minutes,
Its course doth let, and ever pains
No modest charge, which cannot
Perish, their courage not regained,
Sought revenge, for they cherish not,
The merry bud, inclined to bloom on
The stem of youth, merciful God,
How terrible art thou, thy power and
Greatness, to thee, enemies of all
Mankind, submit themselves, O
Shall the earth and dust declare
Thy truth in us ; the sea be dry,
Happy floods rejoice in thee, God
Shall arise, the tempter's agents
Then be scatter'd,
Before blazing fires, war melteth, that
To drive away the smoke of demons,
Thou God of all mankind, let
Nations praise Thee, Thine
Inheritance, Thou didst confirm,
Apace ; kings and armies flee, the bride
At home divided the spoil, among
The pots, though ye lay, chariots, and
Thousands of angels, link'd, Sinai ;
Thou makest thyself, the mount
Of holy things, O, nations sing of
God, that in the congregation of
Saints, and fountains of Israel,
Their strength lay firm on bars
Of death, shall the flesh of hearts
Which faileth, cease to praise God,

HUMANITY LOST.

The only strength of nations.
O, convicted ranks of wretched wars,
Where's the power which degrades our
Life, and burdens the carriage of peace.

DRAMA I.

BOOK VII.

The Beginning of Time and Things.

Dramatic Names for the Drama of this Book.

Book VII., Act I., Scene I.

Uranus, Venus, Æthra, Gaea Lucifer, Ægeus, Cronus, Rhea, Zeus, Argus, Hera, Gabriel, Michael, ten of the heavenly ranks of war, the ten Titans, Demeter, Semele, Danac, Poseidon, Helios, Sireus, Nereus, Marpessa, Persephone, Idas, Apollo, Chimera, Medusa, Minotaur, Pluto, the hundred-arm and one-eyed Brothers, Artemus, Eros, Athamas, Bellerophon, Endymion, Cadmus, Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Epimethus, Prometheus, Rhadamanthus, Phocus, Minos, the three Judges of the Supreme Court of Hell, ten Demons of Hell, ten Terrestrial Spirits.

URANUS, *at his post, enter to him* GAEA.

Ura. In the beginning God created
Heaven and earth, and all things therein.

Gae. Yea, very true.

Ura. He be the true and the
Living God, whose existence always
Was.

Gae. In the midst of chaos, the spirit
Of God divided the light from darkness,
The light he called day, and darkness he
Called night.

Ura. After time and time, the
Heavens and the earth where thus
Parted asunder, then the sun, moon,

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

And stars thus appeared in the sky.

Gae. Ah ! then; God created every living Thing, which now exists.

Ura. True it be; and every living Thing moving in the sea.

Gae. Yea, and every living thing in The earth

Cro. God said, let the earth
Bring forth grass, the herb yielding
Seed, and the fruit tree yielding
Fruit after his kind, whose seed be
In itself, upon the earth.

Ven. The dry land, God called earth,
The waters called he seas.

Rhe. Yea, the gorgeous firmament called
He Heaven.

Ven. Thus the heavens and earth be
Finished, and the creation of all things.
In six days the Lord made heaven and
Earth, the sea, and all that in them is,
And rested the seventh day; wherefore the
Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and
Hallowed it.

Cro. God said, Remember the sabbath
Day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor
And do all thy work. But the seventh day
Is the sabbath of the Lord thy God. In
It thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor
Thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant,
Nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor
Thy stranger that is within thy gates.

Ura. O for a muse of light, which
Ascend my thought to the brightest
Heaven.

Ven. The gods and goddesses of Mount Olympus
Inquire of me, who created us.

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

Ura. When you see the gods and
Goddesses of Mount Olympus, tell them
The true and the living God, the
Omnipotent Being, the Creator of all
Things, created us. If there be no satisfaction
With the above information, then
Appeal to the ancient gods of Mount
Othrys.

Ven. Yea your saying be true, he is the
True and the living God, the creator
Of all things, he also is the God of true love.

Æg. I stole upon time and chaos, the dead of
Night, no comfortable stars of ages,
Their light did lend. But the crystal
Fires, gave light to immortal spheres.
Then with earth his weary gait thus
Revolved.

Æt. When I consider things that
Grow, in perfection holds their stay.
And secret influence, wonderful stars
Comment, with a virtuous wish, to bear
Sweet living flowers, that to repair,
Immortal lines, on me recoil.

Ven. Our incapacities imploring, need
Some invention of ability, thus determine
Sweet miracles of love, if bold impression
Of good comment, doth fill the caves of truth.

Gae. Since I left you, the eye which
Governs me, surveys some miracles in thee,

Ven. Let not my face of love, be call'd
Idolatry, nor my image an idol show.
For I incline mine ear to good parables;
I will open my dark saying upon the harps;
Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, the
Coming revolt, when the iniquities of Lucifer,
Shall compass me about.

Ura. Gaea, the bell of my town, I stole

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

Upon thoughts and the marriage of true love,
Will you except my hand held out to thee.

Gae. In marriage I will.

Ura. Its' true, that love is true.

Ven. I've always found it so.

Gae. Uranus. When you the tender line of my
Thoughts read, remember the hand that
Write it, for I love you so

Ura. O say I look upon this verse,
When I am with clay, perhaps compounded.
I so much, your name rehearse, the love
I bear for thee, with life cannot decay.

Æg. What space can my thoughts occupy,
For I be the great lover of children, on
My carriage I speed to consult the oracle.
At the court of Pittheus. The king of Troezene.
His daughter Æthra in marriage he gave to me

Ven. on love, I see, you merit respect.

Æg. Æthra, my life and hand in marriage I give
To protect thee, will you accept?

Æt. I will your life and hand in marriage accept.

Æg. Fair friend, to me, you can never be old.
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still.

Æt. My songs and praises be, since
All alike, to one, of one, still such and ever so
Kind, be my love to day, and forever.

Æg. I hold thee still and gentle to my
Heart, your praise be richly complied,
With a golden quill, I shall verse your
Character, by all muses filed, your praise
Be most precious. Hate me if thou
Wilt, my deeds to cross. While the world be
Bent, in spite of fortune I join thee, in
Spite of misfortune I cannot hate thee, to my

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

Heart, I am the arrow, thou art the bow.

Æt. For my possessing thou art too
Dear, so fare thee well.

Æg. To thee, releasing gives worth to thy
Character, in thee, my bonds are all
Determined. Only by thy granting, can I
Hold thee. All because richly gifts in me,
Is wanting, that farewell presents to me,
His unwelcomed hand.

Æt. The God of love, fair one, quoth he, any
love you owe
Me, all my unripe years, measure with
Strangeness. For I cherish no evil state in my heart.
Your hand in peace I except, now let me say, good-
night.

Cro. The even hand subtle, of Lucifer is
Painted I see. So beguiled with outward
Honesty, but with inward vice, so defiled.

Ven. Yea, within the bosom of their hell,
Such devils steal effects, thus to flatter
Fools, and make them bold with contempt,
For within the evil heart, love cannot exist.

Luc. Thy likeing, thou yoke, to my
Will. I'll murder straight, and then
I'll slaughter thee. And swear I found
Thee, where thee never was, to me, that will
Be one act, to my fame.

Rhe. Three times he gives no sorrow,
But sighs fire, thus discharging a million
Words of woe. His incapacities imploring,
Need no invention of ability, thus
Determined. His ancient birth, thinks
Himself an heir to the throne of Supreme.
His wretched and bold attitude, hath
Measured the length of his days, which
Availeth nothing on his stay.

Luc. In my soul, I have debated,

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

What sorrow I shall breed, what shame,
What wrong, but affection's course I
Cannot control, nor stop the jury of my
Speed, my deeds, I know repentant tears
Ensue, my deadly enmity, my infamy,
I strive to embrace.

Cro. The world doth threat such a
Black-faced cloud, his aspiring mist.
Mountains doth hide, some gentle gust
Doth breed. These pitchy vapors, from
Their hiding chambers, doth blow away,
Thus dividing their unhallow'd haste,
And thundering words delay. Lucifer's shame
Will be seeded in your age, vice will bud
In your spring, outrage and crime will
Thus bloom. When once a king, what
Darest thou? What carest thou in your
Wretched thoughts, foul and vile?

Eg. Lucifer, why mud the fountain
That gave thee drink, or mar the things
Which can amend, your labor, your
Deed be hasty, thus will end.

Rhe To eternity our dates are brief,
Character'd with lasting memory,
Above the idle rank. Beyond all
Date at the least, our faculty do
Subsist, by nature, till oblivion yield
His part for us. Our record be not
Miss'd, our poor retention cannot
Hold. We need no tallies of our love
To score, to give them to us, we be
Bold to trust those tables, which
Receive us. I beg the adjunct in
His prayers to remember us, nor
Our past forgetfulness import.
Our expense of spirit, be a waste of
Shame. Extreme savage, rude, cruel,
Not to trust, sooner enjoyed, thus
Despised, our past reason hunted,
Our past reason hated, that shallow bait.

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

Cro. Rhea, thy heart is in another place, yet your looks be with Me, I shall live, supposing thou art True, like a deceived husband. To me, Love's face may still seem fair, in thine Eye no hatred lives, I cannot know the Rapid change of history's false heart, In strange wrinkles, frowns and moods It writes on ages. Some degree of Your creation, should ever dwell In the face of your heaven.

Rhe. Cronus, O say, wash me in The pool and vapor of your pure Thoughts, and I shall be whiter Than snow, your looks and sweetness Your true heart's workings, thence Shall be.

Cro. My love, thou art the Goddess of truth, thou sayest, I Believe thee, though I know you lie.

Rhe. I know my years be not the best, My tongue speaking false, the smiling Credit, with love I'll rest outfacing faults.

Cro. My love, you say that I am Old, and thou art young. Your Soothing tongue be love's best habit, In love, love I not to have year's told. I will lie at the fountain of dreams. That our faults in love thus smother'd Be.

Rhe. I have two lovers, one be comfort And the other despair ; two spirits, one to Suggest, be still, the other, bestir, bestir.

SCENE II. THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Enter ZEUS, URANUS, ARGUS, HERA and LUCIFER.

Zeu. Down from the couch, omnipotent power,

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Rose to bring light to immortals.

Ura. Was it caressing ?

Zeu. Most undoubtable.

Ura. I am told, there will be a
Meeting of council soon.

Zeu. How soon ?

Ura. I presume, on the hour of my watch.

Zeu. O, say ! Uranus, this must be the hour of
Your watch ; for I see great silence in heaven.

Ura. This hour, there is a meeting of
The session of council.

Zeu. What council ?

Ura. The mighty council of
Archangels, before the throne of Omnipotence.

Zeu. O say, there must be trouble
Brooding in heaven.

Ura. Most undoubtedly there is.

Zeu. On the true face of my heart, I
Do wonder what it can be.

Enter HERA, ARGUS and LUCIFER.

Arg. Before the throne of Omnipotence
I see Lucifer holding in his right
Hand the declaration of war.

Her. The Judge of Supreme Power
I see now inflamed with rage,
Declaring to Lucifer, forever cursed thou
Shall surely be.

Luc. That diabolic engine back recoils
On me, thus distract my thoughts
With horror, I am troubled at heart,
To its very bottom, I still gnash in

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Pain. The wretched hell within me,
O stir, stir, where shall I fly ? Shall
It possible be, on the throne of hell,
I must reign, many fathoms
Lower in the deep, flames
Tormented, devour me not, but still
Threaten the passage, I roam in
Pain. Shall I relent ? I suffer but
Hell, Ah ! to me. a heaven it seems,
For in me, repentance finds no
Space to recall my stay, I seduced with
Vaunts and promises, that beneath,
My shame among spirits. To submit,
Boasting, the Omnipotent, I could but
Subdue. Inwardly I groan for I'm
Thus tormented. Who shall adore me,
While on the throne ? Ah ! many
Fathoms lower, in misery I fall.

Arg. In the barrier of my teeth,
Is the note of praise, the works
Of God I esteem.

Her. Ye be unconverted ?

Arg. Right you are.

Her. Then how can ye love God ?

Arg. We should love the God,
Who created us in his own image.

Luc. Ah ! say, you pain the bell
Of my left ear.

Arg. What about the right ?

Luc. There is no right in me.

Arg. Truthfully you said it.

Zeu. Hera, when you see Lucifer,
The wretched commander in chief, of
The rebelled host, forwarn him
Not, of the danger lying in the
Path of his march.

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Her. Ah ! I think I hear him.

Ura. That's all imagination.

Her. No, no, no, there he is rushing
Into battle.

Ura. Right you are.

Her. Come, come, come, Uranus, let us
Go see the battle.

Ura. Hold up for a moment.

Her. What's the trouble.

Ura. I think I see the Omnipotent
King, at the head of that
Powerful and beautiful host of
Archangels.

Zeu. I see thousands of archangels,
Standing before the Omnipotent
Throne. To them is given authority
And power, to command the
Heavenly ranks of war. In their
Hearts is power, to fulfil the will of
God.

Ura. True, they must be powerful,
For I see the royal banners, of their
Victory floating aloof.

Zeu. Yea, too powerful for Lucifer.

Ura. Crushed forever he will be,
Embattled squadrons, flaming
Arms, fiery steeds, reflecting.
Blaze on blaze, now face his
Wretched line of battle.

Zeu. Oh ! I see the venturous beast,
And his wretched line of battle,
Skillfully mowed down. O how he
Eyes me, watching his defeat.

Ura. Keep cool.

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Zeu. Yea in my heart 'tis
Bitter cold, and I am frightened sick.
To isles invisible I fly, I dare not return,
Out of danger, I see him still prowling
About, I hear a roaring voice on the
Flash of lightning, thundering down
On him, be off, be off, vile thing,
Forever cursed thou shall be,
Pursued through heaven's circumference
Wide, unbarred the gates of peace,
Ventured in vain, to enter the
Palace of venial.

Enter GABRIEL, MICHAEL and HEAVENLY RANKS
OF WAR.

Gab. To order; put on the
Fighting gear.

Hea. Ran. Yea, yea, good master.

Gab. Bestir, bestir, take up
Arms, to the battle front, march in
Haste.

Mic. My wandering eyes I
Turned and gazed awhile, till
Raised by quick instinctive motion,
Up, I sprung, on my feet I stood, to see
Which way I could march, to flank the
Wretched host of demons.

Gab. Form a line of battle, take aim,
Heed not repeat, one stroke might determine
His fall, for thou art the host of arms,
Fit to decide the empires of heaven, and
Spirits vital, which shall live throughout eternity.

Luc. Back to my chariot, I shall
Retire from off the files of war, I lay
Gnashing in shame and disappointment, at
The foolish confidence in myself, that
I could equal God in power, there
Seems in me content; which lies deep in

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

The vaults of depredation, sorry to say,
That mighty murrain, mowed down my
Flock, on their flying retreat, thus to
Repine.

SCENE III.

Enter DEMETER, RHEA and SEMELE.

Sem. The beloved son of God, on his
Expedition appears, with radiance of
Majesty; love and sapience immense, to the
World of ages, infinite, winged spirits and
Chariots of old myriads, that between
Brazen mountains lodged, rose again,
Stood between the fires of raging battles, then
Celestial equipage forth came spontaneous,
On heavenly grounds they stand, thus
Viewing the vast immeasurable abyss.
Omnivorous winds, upturned from
The bottom, surging billows mountainous,
Threatened to devour heaven's height I
Heard the omnific word, thunder down
Your discord end, nor be stayed, but on
Wings uplifted, rapidly trailing into
Chaos, then followed in bright
Procession the host of demons.

Sem. Everlasting gates harmonious,
On golden hinges sway in glory, the
Powerful word of God, his silent thunder
In my ears recalls obedience, thus to
Brace the columns of my critical
Stage, wholesome, cool and mild I back
Recoil, in love, how gladly I lay my trials
At his feet, in me instinctive motion
God inspired, that I, he the author of
Creation, I might honor and respect.

Dem. The lord, be the governor, of the country
I survey.

Sem. Is it a beautiful country?

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Dem. Yea, most gorgeous.

Rhe. Demeter, I view the dim light of
Your coast, in pleasure I boast marvellously,
The sea in me, be stirred. I long to visit the
Happy piers of your welcome, but
Sail on, till another course may heave in
View; unexpected I esteem unintentionally,
Those thoughts in me; most pleasing, rather
Not to mourn, I only beg a gentle dove, to
Waft my thoughts to thee.

Dem. Well my good companion, glad I
Am to hear from thee, come let us mend our pace.

Rhe. Well? what way shall we turn
To breath the gladdenings of heaven.

Dem. To the right, key the flower
Of your heart, thus to the throne of God flee.

Rhe. Tell me the latest news of war,
Now exists in heaven.

Dem. The old deprecator and his
Wretched host of demons, in roaring
Chariots fly, as if in battle they would
Be, but their faults guiltiness thus be
Condemned, they proceed not to corrupt
Present peace, till time brings forth
Evil fruit of courage, then conviction
Raging inwardly, first and last,
Shall spring into motion, their envious
Steps, thus moving their march into another
Battle.

Sem. Harken unto me, till I give thee news.

Dem. If it be good, I will; for I stand
In need, of a newsy bud, to scent the heart
Of my youth.

Sem. To Lucifer, both crime and doom,
What an abyss of fears and horrors,
Drive him from the presence of God, for

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Pardon, he finds no way to turn, deep to
Deeper into the vault of depredation
He plunged, to his foul conscience
There's no vent, with double terror,
In the lower vault outstretched he lay,
There oft cursed his creation, since
His execution thus denounced.

Rhe. I see a host of angels of high
Degree, greatly admired, they be valor
Heroic virtue called, in battle they
Overcome, and subdue the nation
Of rebels, bring spoils to their king
With infinite slaughter, held to the
Highest pitch in celestial glory, there
Triumph in love and esteem, styled as
Great conquerors, their fame be
Achieved, and forever renown, O
What merits fame in silence hid ?
Behold not righteousness in a
World perverse, thus prepared for
Those who oppose omnipotent rule,
Much hated and beset with foes,
Daring single be first for they utter
Odious truth, that God will come to
Judge them with his saints.

Dem. I see the Most High in his royal
Chariot, floating on a balmy cloud
With winged steeds, high in salvation
And the summits of bliss, to show to
Us what reward awaits the good, to
The fallen host oft frequented their
Assemblies, to them preached
Conversion and repentance, as to
Those in prison, under
Judgments imminent; all be in
Vain, converted, they will not be.

Rhe. Solicit not thy thoughts with
Matters hid, leave them to God,
Him serve and fear, of other
Creatures, as pleases him best,

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Let him dispose, joy in what he
Gives to thee, dream not of other worlds,
What creatures there live, in what
State, condition, or degree, contented
That thus far hath been revealed.

Dem. At thy feet, lies sweet roses,
Of dells harmonious, those virtuous
Leaves of summer's queen.

Enter DANAH and GAEA.

Gae. How glorious was Lucifer once
Above his sphere, till wretched pride
And ambition threw him down,
His brazen march stirs revolts in
Heaven, against heaven's matchless king,
From him God deserved no such return,
Whom he created in that bright
Eminence, with good upbraided
None; nor was his service hard, to
Afford him praise, what could be less?
The recompense most easy, and pay him
Thanks; how due, God's good work proved
Ill in him. His malice and envy lifted
Up so high, one step higher, he thought
Would set him highest. The immense
Gratitude still to owe, burdensome
He still received. What powerful
Destiny ordained him an angel
Inferior? Why not other powers aspired,
As great as he, other powers as great
Fell not, unshaken, without,
Within, well armed against all
Temptations.

Dan. His dark presumptuous
March, back recoils on him.
On iron flapping wings, that brazen,
Procacity thus trailing o'er

Gae. In silence bright legions of
Instrumental harmony, to
Adventurous deeds, breathe heroic

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Ardor, under great leaders godlike.
Those celestial champions held
Their way, unbarred the doors of
Peace within the mount of God,
Fast by his throne, gatling
Guns in golden chariots thus
Speeding into battle, there down
Mowing with a thunder charge,
All battle lines.

SCENE IV.

Enter POSEIDON, HELIOS, SIRENS.

Pos. Of many celestial
Myriads, not one be lost, O sweet
Messiah, thy right of merit
Reigns, I hear the guns of
Mighty wars under the sea, wars
Yet be not over, under royal banners
Of heaven, what multitudes
Sway, on their mighty heroic
March, against revolted multitudes.
I hear the shout of battle, that
Rushing sound onset, and the cry
Of war, thus riding on the sea
Of impenetrable realms, the
Impelient sons of light, riding
On the flash of lightning and
Clouds of darkness and of
Thunder. Shooting with orient
Beams, those embattled squadrons,
Bright of flaming arms.

Dem. The mighty quadrate
Irresistible, moved in silence
Their bright legions, with upright
Beams of rigid spears, helmets
Thronged, shields various
Portrayed the power of Lucifer,
With furious expedition, the
Numbered legion seems a
Numerous host, each warrior

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

An expert when to advance, nor
The sway of battle be turn'd,
Michael and Gabriel before the
Supreme, their consultation with
The Omnipotent, thus determined
Another move, the strategy of
War, the map of skill, thus
Conspicuous in the mental frame
Of light.

Pos. The path of truth be remote
The God of nature, ordains and
Rules whom he governs.

Dem. My true God of all eternity,
O, thou sweet virtue, I adore thee.

Pos. God of heaven, O, how I adore
Thy sweet oral of omnipresent !

Dem. O God of heaven, with faith,
Hope and love, embellish the walls
Of my heart !

Pos. O say, Demeter, your home
Loving stay on the earth, needs no
Repentence.

Dem. Nay, but I am sick at heart,
For the walls of my sympathy be not
Impenetrable, the loss of my child,
My only daughter, Persephone, brings
But darkness and woe to my stay on
The earth. I cannot avail ; I am
But dust.

Zeu. Demeter, be content, the true and
The living God overrules all things.
You may rest assured that your
Child, which was the most loving
And beautiful daughter on the earth,
Will safely be returned to you.

Hel. Demeter, under thy feet, I
Shall ever lay the golden sunbeams

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Of my sympathy. Your daughter is
In the lower world, but I see her
Coming home to you ; now soon she
Will be within the range of your
Visible eye.

Zeu. Demeter, at this passed minute I
Saw your child enter the door of
Your home. True, as I told you
That the God of all creation, doth
Overrule all things; he is all power, love
And sympathy. Able to return to you
Again your heart's desire.

Dem. O thou, the true and the
Living God, much thanks to thee,
For the return of my child, my only
Daughter, which was so near to me,
Was dead, is alive again, was lost, is
Found. I will extol thee, O God; for thou
Hast lifted me above all the myths,
And hast not made my foes to rejoice
Over me. O God, my God, I cried
Unto thee, and thou hast healed
Me. O God, thou hast brought up
My soul from the grave ; thou hast
Kept me alive, that I may no
Longer patrol in grief, the
Painful vaults of exasperation,
Thus to pine away.

Sir. Direct my course, I bring good
Recompense to your behoof, expel
Thence all usurpation, reduce the
Sway of original darkness, the night
Of ancient standard erect, that in
Me advantage may grow. Revenge be
Mine ; thus Lucifer ; the anarch old,
Nine times the oral of his speech,
And visage incomposed.

Pos. I see the victorious bands.
Which poured out by millions through
Heaven's gates, thus pursuing, on my

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Frontiers all I have will serve, yet
Such little left in me, to defend
The guard of my watch, encroached on
Still weakening, the night of old sceptre.
Hell be the first; the lower dungeon of a
Million vaults, that beneath another
World, thus stretching far.

Hel. Nearer danger Satan be flying
On the havoc wing of spoil and ruin.
His rapid speed ceased not, nor be
Stayed to reply.

Pos. He be very glad, should his
Sea find a shore.

Hel. His alacrity renewed,
Upward springs, into wild expanse,
Strove thus to shock unequalled
Fighting elements.

Pos. O'er the sea he winds his
Way, harder beset, endangered the
More. He would his march
Omnivorous be, if could he, omnipotent
Power overthrow, and to rule, his
Impenitence thus determined,
Backward he falls, driven by a
Pyramid of fires, his spacious
Empire be full of pain, the desert
Most darksome, tons of onus on him
Be never removed, lost forever and
Ever, for there be left no space of
Repentance in him.

Hel. Let thy thunders be magnified.
What power can impair thee, O,
Mighty King of Heaven.

Pos. On the hyaline clear,
The starry sea of amplitude immense,
I view stars numerous, a world;
Perhaps every star may be. O sweet
Jehovah ! thy works be great, what

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Mental thought can measure or tongue
Relate thee, in thy return, greater
Thou art.

SCENE V.

Enter ÆGEUS and NEREUS.

Ner. O thou surpassing glory,
Of thy sole dominion, at whose
Sight all stars, their diminished
Heads hide.

Æg. O thou sweet glory of the son,
To thee I call, with a friendly voice,
To thy name I add, to tell thee,
How I love thy beams.

Ner. O celestial light, inward
Shine, that through all powers
Irradiate. To immortal sight, may
I tell of precious things, from thence
They grow, which in me blooms.

Æg. Thou King of Omnipotence,
To the silly host, bring remembrance,
From what state they fell.

Ner. With contented wings and
Rapid feet, the bare outside of
Immortal things I coast.

Æg. Nay, your coasting be expensive.

Ner. I give thee the right of merit,
Most virtuous, not the right of a critic.

Æg. Well, possible doth it be, that
I exasperate thee.

Ner. Not a hair of my head be
Sing'd by angry flames, for heaven,
From my view, hides nothing. The
Multitude of angels, with blest
Voices, uttering joy harmonious,
And hosannas, filled the eternal

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Regions : with adoration they cast
Crowns enwove with immortal
Amarant, for the curtain of
Pain be not aloft.

Æg. Deep thunders round me roar
On the sea, their rage mustering,
Those vaults, and fighting ravines
Resembles hell, elements of darkness,
Torments the length of ages, fires
Piercing, now severe, thus changed the
Temper of dreaded steel. Scarce had
Finished, when filled with murmur,
The session of council which held
The sway of silence. Blustering winds
Against hollow rocks, retain the
Dreadful roar, over and under
The sea, there anchors in a
Horrific gulf, till the tempest be
No more. When mammon ended
His sentence, was heard such
Applause, pleased the
Council advising peace.

Re-enter VENUS.

Ven. Things weighty and serious, be
Full of state and woe, such scenes be hid
In the rear porches of my brow, which
Doth draw mine eyes to flow, that
With tender love, yet in grief, O, may
I think it well, for I'm but a tear,
Trust other persons may find truth and
Believe, for many spirits sadly rose
To see, another degree of impenitence,
Thus brooding over targets of revenge.
That ostentatious veil, lower and
Lower, thus trailing within the
Circumference I roam. O how I
Love those celestial hearers, which
Rose to meet the host of chosen truth,
Thus appalling not, their fighting
Courage, for the stay of opinion ever

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

In them, intend to bring on them the stage
Love and virtue, thus to prove a fair
One's just.

Ner. O may we keep our brains
Dry and cool, that victorious saints,
Triumph in love, can cherish the
Fowl of our powerless immortal deeds.

Ven. Saints of love, be forever
Stay'd, within the impenetrable
Steel chambers, of metallic ore, there
To leave never, their most competent
Friends.

Ner. Revolted spiers fallen, in
The vale of darkness, moves chariots
Of unequalled power, thus starts
The mighty host, flashing through
The heavens, with a lightning speed.
Suddenly they dash through a
Million fires and flames extinguished
Blaze after blaze diffused, inflames
The air, unmoved with fear, all
Amazed, Lucifer his foolish victory
Determined, stood not at his post,
Back to the rear, lower and lower he
Fell, then other ranks greater,
Advanced, rapid and sure.

Æg. Lucifer stole upon the dead of night,
Thus pawning his honor, to obtain
Impenitence. For himself, himself he
Cannot forsake, for love and truth, be
The guide to immortal eyes. No heavy
Sleep doth close their heroic wink.
Satan and his wretched host, their
Death boding cries, serves the season
That will surprise.

Ven. What season of surprise ?

Æg. The season between his
Wretched desire and dread, will be

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Toss'd horrific, unexpected, his foul
Charm bewitch'd many spirits, his
Advice thus leads thousands to follow.
Oft he wished to retire, but his
Devilish ambitious foul infirmity,
Leaves in him no space of repentence.

Ven. Before the throne of
Omnipotent love, there be sweet
Innocent lambs, of pure thoughts,
Silent and still.

Ner. Bateless virtue there be, the
Edge of keen appetite happily be.

Ven. Virtue itself doth of itself
Persuade, triumph within, the
Gorgeous carriage of love.

Ner. Satan suggested the proud issue
Of a king, he himself perchance that
Envy of such a rich throne.

Ven. His brave ostentate disdainfully
Did sting, some lascivious thought,
Did instigate his timeless speed.

Re-enter POSEIDON, GAEA, ZEUS, SEMELE, DANAE
and LUCIFER.

Enter APOLLO and IDAS.

Gae. He be pale with fear, he doth
Premeditate the dangers, of his
Loathsome enterprise.

Sem. His inward mind doth debate,
What sorrow may on him breed.

Ven. His digression be so vile,
That it will forever live engraved on
The map of his face.

Luc. Yea, though I shall forever die,
That devilish scandal will survive,
With shame, I shall curse the body of

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

My image, and hold it in memory,
Of the crime which I have done.
Locks between the celestial chamber, and
My will, no key of crime can turn
Night wandering, I see me there,
Demons of murder, they frighten me,
Yet I still pursue my fear.

Sem. Say Lucifer, as you rush from
Forth, a cloud bereaves your sight,
Soon as the curtain be drawn
You begin to wink with wretched courage,
Thus blinded with a greater ray.

Luc. What excuse can my invention
Make, as I am charged with such a
Black deed? Shall my tongue be mute,
My frail joints decline, mine eyes
Forgo their sight? My guilt being
Great and deep, the fear in me
Doth still grow darker and darker

Dan. In a desperate rage, this
Vile purpose to prevent, post hither,
This siege that hath engirt his
Union. His dying virtue the
Surviving shame.

Luc. Conceal'd malice deep in
Me, couched with revenge,
Is come unto the chamber door,
Which shuts me out of heaven, the
Yielding latch, hath forever barr'd me
From the blessed throne I sought.

Gae. Yea, your omphacine, be bitter to
Immortal taste.

Luc. O how happy I would be, if
I could, but gain the throne I seek
For then my dreams, my breath, would
Be a froth of fleeting joy, but all
Be bitter to my taste.

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Enter MARPESSA and PERSEPHONE.

Mar. Thy disputation ye hold
Graceless, thy conscience be the
Fuel of your burning will.

Per. The ascent of yonder
Savage hill, slow and pensive,
Lucifer hah journeyed on, entwined
Thick, the undergrowth he brake,
So perplexed and confused, he strove
Speeding, that without success, to
Unlock one gate there only was, he
Disdained the arch felon, when he
Saw due entrance, one sight in
Contempt, bound high over leaped
All, and cheer within, he lights on
His feet, to seek new haunt for
Prey, watching the innocent flocks
At eve, amid the fields secure.

Mar. I muse in manners, hold
Still I beg of thee, till some richly
Praise be compliable, O thou
Reserve'd character of most noble
Blood.

Ida. O say, may thy thoughts feed on
Happy dreams, whilst I write good
Words concerning thee, do thy best,
To steal a way, for a term of life,
Give thyself, to become the bride of
Love, for then, I need not to fear, 'mid
All unjust wrongs o'er me brood and
Rage.

Apo. Very well ; thou knowest, that
Marpessa, be the ever blooming flower
Of my love, nor shall I surrender to
Thee.

Zeu. Both ye sun god, and hero,
Hold your peace ; the maiden shall
Decide.

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Mar. Idas, mine eyes downward
Cast, for a moment to think, now I shall raise
Them, with my heart and hand, held
Out to thee in marriage, that when I
Am old, gray and old, you will also be.
For I know, from the fountains of
My heart, that you will ever honor
And care for me.

Per. Marpessa, your selection
Be good, to the highest degree, your
Pure intelligence, I do esteem, most
Undoubtable but apt my fancy is to
Rove, unchecked on the
Roving carriage of my mind. Through
Experience, I learn of things pure and
Remote, which before us, is the prime
Of wisdom, lying in trenches,
Deep and dark.

Ida. Persephone, thankful am I to thee,
For the true heart of my bride, be
Greatly encouraged.

Apo. The sun, his beams shall,
Forever heat uncomfortable, and
Burn the face of your honymoon,
In every latitude you roam.

Zeu. Apollo, dry up; you more
Then exasperate the fountain of
Ignorance.

Per. To the very bottom of
My feet, I am undoubtable disgusted
At Apollo's remarks.

Gae. O say Zeus, what's, the latest
In reference to war?

Zeu. Well Gaea, this moment, the latest
News I've received, O may I reveal to thee.

Gae. Would it asperate the happy
Course my thoughts pursue, if not,

THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

At once proceed.

Zeu. Lucifer, satan the Devil, is forever
Banished out of heaven, on the throne of
Hell, he must forever reign, the true
And the living God, the creator of
All things, visible and invisible, the
Omnipotent being, he thus
Declared peace in heaven, that
Love shall forever reign therein.

The Beginning of Time and Things.

Continued from Scene I.

Book VII., Act I., Scene VI.

Enter CHIMERA, MEDUSA, MINOTAUR *and* PLUTO.

Re-enter URANUS, GAEA *and* APOLLO.

Ura. My dear comrades, in the
Begining of time, chaos was the
Huge mass of darkness, in chaos
All things which now exist, where
Hid, one from the other severed not,
Of its own, nothing had a separate
Form. After a long time, asunder
Chaos parted, the heavens and the
Earth were thus divided. Above
In the sky, the sun, moon, and
Stars mounted, but with the earth
Below, remained water stones and
Trees.

Gae. Uranus, I am proud of our
Family.

Ura. Yea, I be also, but not of the
Hundred-Armed and One-Eyed Children,
Which are as big as mountains, into
The dark pit Tartarus, below the
Earth, I will banish them forever.

Gae. Why temper your stay, in this
Golden age, to impenitence? Why
Turn your back to your ugly children?

Ura. Because they be so hideous.

Gae. In grief, you sow into my heart,
The dark seed of exasperation.
O, Cronus, my dear son, the youngest

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS.

Of the beautiful Titans, will you
Promise me, to fetch up your hundred-
Armed and one eyed brothers out of
Tartarus? If you will, I will help you
To dethrone your father, Uranus, that
You yourself may become king of the
Gods.

Enter CRONUS and the SIX TITANS.

Re-enter RHEA.

Cro. Mother, I will,

Gae The cutting steel bright as
Silver, I will create and a sharp
Sickle, I will give to you, to kill your
Father, Uranus, while asleep.

Cro. Mother, your desire shall
Be granted. I will slay my father
That I may rule over the world
In his stead, that the other gods
May obey me.

The Five Titans. Cronus, thou art
Declared king, over the world.

Cro. Rhea, here is my right hand, held
Out to thee in marriage, will you except?

Rhe. I will.

Cro. O my hundred-armed and one-
Eyed brothers, arise. Come forth out of
Tartarus.

Rhe. Cronus the door bell is ringing.

Cro. I will answer.

Rhe. Well, make haste.

Cor. Who's there?

*Enter THE HUNDRED-ARMED AND ONE-EYED
BROTHERS.*

H.-A. and O.-E. B. Your hundred-armed and one-

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS.

Eyed brothers from Tartarus.

Cor. Welcome.

H.-A. and O.-E. B. O brother Cronus how
Thankful we are to be delivered
From the shackles of bondage and
Misery.

Cor. I trust your stay on earth,
Be contented.

H. A and O. E. B. Yea, we be most
Contented.

Cor. Brothers since you came
Up out of Tartarus. I have changed
My mind, you will kindly return to
Tartarus again, I am afraid of you.

H.-A. and O.-E. B. What silly imagination
Be thus springing up in your heart ?

Cor. There be no imagination
Whatever. Be off, be off, away,
Away, into Tartarus again.

Gae. Nothing my treachery has gained.

Rhea. True, you said it.

Cro. Rhea, I thus declare thee
Queen over the world

Rhea. Happy am I to become
The Queen of the summit of Mount
Olympus.

Chi. Gaea, I see that you have
Gained but little by your treachery
Against your husband. Cronus has
Drove back again into Tartarus
His hundred-armed and one-eyed
Brothers, the hope, planted into
Your heart be most wretched that
Cronus should loose his kingly
Power.

THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

Min. What excuse, if any, can
She make of her most horrible invention?
Perhaps her thoughts were dreams,
Her will thus back'd with resolution,
Her blackest crime be cleared with
Determination, into the wicked
Chamber she stalks, and gazeth on
That bloody sickle, till her frail joints
Doth shake.

Med. Gaea, your wrong, call
Me not to justify, your wickedness lays
Cold upon my heart, with thy
Tongue and eye, wound me not. By art,
Slay me not. Out of my sight, O tell me
Thy love be elsewhere, for I know
It's true. aside, thine eye forbear
To glance, your cunning and might,
All my inward feelings doth wound,
For it be more than all my o'er press'd
Defence can hide. On my face, you
Turn your foes, that your injuries,
Elsewhere might dart. With too much
Disdain, do not press my patience,
Only be as cruel, as the greater, art wise.
Lest my words express, the sorrow of my pity
Wanting pain.

Plu. Her woe seldom sleeps, she
Looks for night, when night, not long
Hath pass'd.

Chi. She hath found, no doubt,
Forlorn, for she doth lament.

Plu. I Cannot doubt your words to
Be true,

Chi. I see that Uranus and Cronus,
First kindled the painful fire, thus
Burning in her heart.

Med. Her eye perhaps interprets
To the ear, the dark motions it doth
Behold. Her woe doth bear, a part,

THE GOLDEN AGE

Of every part, of crime and sorrow we see.

Apo. Her pale blooming light, breeds
But sorrow in my burning heart, to see
Her dignity, march with pride to her
Noble stand, within the noble ranks
Of blue veins, her eyes did scale, thus
Left those orbs of pale sullen turrets,
Destitute.

Plu. Apollo, my disputation, his
Merits I esteem, with a hot burning will,
And frozen conscience, still
Morose trail of thoughts, thus urging
Worse sense of pure effects, which
Doth proceed not, though virtuous
Deeds intended not, shows vile,
What is in me dark, those moments
In me disrepute, my peace, they do
Confound and kill.

The Golden Age.

SCENE VII.

Enter ATHAMAS, BELLEROPHON, CADMUS, ENDYMION
and EROS

Re-enter CRONUS, ARTEMIS and RHEA.

Rhe. O say, Cronus, what age is this ?

Cro. Why my dear; this is the
Golden age.

Rhe. O chief of throned powers,
Sweet heaven's perpetual king,
Upheld by the great strength of
Omnipotence. Much thanks for
The great blessing, which from the
Windows of heaven, thou did'st
Shower down on the garden of
Earth, O how delightful this
Golden age doth seem.

THE GOLDEN AGE

Art. Yea always springtime,
Beautiful flowers bloom thus, in the
Woods and meadows round me gorgeous,
O how delightful it is, to inhale the
Scent of their sweet perfume.

Cro. It's necessary not, that mankind
Should labor ; no tilling of the
Ground, no plowing of the earth
Required, delicious fruits grow wild
Everywhere, no houses needed, the
Sky his gorgeous ceiling, beneath the
Roof and garret of ages, the earth
Thus shelters, and the foundation
Of richly carpets of velvet green.
Rich and poor friendly united,
Life and goodness, hand in hand,
Thus promenade. Mankind never
Grows old, but remains young and
Happy always.

Rhe. Oh ! tell me Cronus, what will
Happen after the golden age ?

Cro. My dear, the world will go
Right on for thousands of years,
Then summer and winter will appear,
Bad and good weather will exist.
There will be in the harvest of peace,
A bright sunshine, then mankind
Will live happy and contented, at times,
Under the shadow of a god-like spirit.

Ero. Yea, instinctive love most
Beautiful, the capacity of refinement,
Fair it seems, yet, it be neither true nor trusty.

Ath. In this golden age, no horror
On my brain, be stir : must I relent ? where's
The call I bend in grief, O relish and
Character those mountains I wind. No
Cause have, yet I weep for thee ; in
My will, nothing I leave, more then I
Do crave. O Paradise, dear friend,

THE GOLDEN AGE

I pardon no crave of thee, no discontent
Doth thou bequeath to me that
Golden bud faded not, in the spring of
Youth, those bright pearls of silver
Bloom, fair creatures thou art skill'd.

Bel. Sweet Poetry and Music agree,
From beautiful notes of liberty.
I need no defense, for I cannot
Remorse, sweet sound melodious
My ear lovest. Immortal sense I
Cannot ravish, though my conceit
Be such as passing all conceit.
The queen of music, in deep delight
In me be chiefly crown'd.

Endy. O thou art my share, good
Rest, lower night kept my rest away, in
A cabin, hang'd with care, my descent
On doubts of decay. The night doth
Post too soon. Those hours added to
Minutes, now to spite me, both moon and
Stars seem but motes.

Ath. I can reprove what you
Have urged, the path which leadeth
Not to danger, be smooth. Love of this
Age I cannot hate, to every pilgrim,
It lends embracements, excuse be
Strange, but in me it's common.
Why reason with abuse? Reason with
Sense, that sense may reason with
Love, call it pure love, for love in
Heaven is not fled. Then blotting with
No blame, fresh beauty, no tyrant
Stains, which bereaves not.

Cad. One moment, Athamas; I hear the wretched
Songs of Satan; O how they do remorse
The temples bereaved, I must relent,
Or I'll thus quoth he on his satiety.

Ero. This sweet rising morn, my
Watch, doth charge the heart of my

THE GOLDEN AGE

Teeth. From idle rest, each moving
Sense, doth trust the office of mine
Eyes, which doth welcome, beautiful
Sunshine and daylight, thus drives
Away the night so packed, and
My dismal dreaming errors.

Cad. For pleasant shades, the
Herds have gone, all but in love, not
Forlorn, at the cool mother-queen
Brook, their nostrils temper'd be,
Thus throwing in the ivy mantle
Spray, where golden fountains lie.
There with a glorious eye, the sun,
The world survey'd, yet not so rich
And royal, as the trail of
The beautiful Artemis

Bel. Fair roses, sweet flowers;
The scent of love, timely bloom, not
Faded, O sweet immortal creatures,
Most virtuous, most fair.

Endy. Most true, on their
Beauty I look, in me, affections
Not new, on my thoughts, in my
Heart, they cannot blench, my
Appetite doth grind, to serve the sweet
Character of this age.

Bel. Then with fortune,
You do not chide, the happy rose of
Harmful deeds.

Endy. The sweet chronicle of
Time, characters in them, the
Beauty of this age, thus sowing in
Nature. a beautiful rhyme.

Ero. Yea, of this age all our lovers be
True, we know they're made of truth.
No good-by they say, no parting
Tender'd is. In me, doth incorporate,
A sweet embrace, which grows as it
Seems, like a heavenly moisture, on

PARADISE

The coral of my youth.

Endy. That sweet rhetoric of the
Heavenly eye, his argument in my
Heart doth hold, my vows be of this
Age, but all my love be heavenly. No
Punishment, for there's no vows broken,
Of this age, though the end be near,
Yea, at the very door.

Paradise

Book VII., Act I., Scene VIII.

Re-enter CRONUS, ZEUS, URANUS, VENUS, GAEA
and RHEA.

Cro. Pure air and all things, be
Thus sincere and heavenly, the pure strain
Of wonder, all eternity through.

Zeu. God well knows righteousness,
Scarce we stop, thus to ponder on the
Beauty of thoughts. Unchanged, his
Hand forever be that through all
Eternity and Immortality

Gae. Silent and pure, happiness most
Tender be, where golden fountains lie.
Sweet life goes on, and on, unforgot.
My soul, the ties of earth doth bind,
The horizon grows most brilliant, deep
And wide, that the other side seems
Uudoubtable near.

Rhe. O God of heaven, of this age, what
Vestures shall we wear? Shall they be
Princely gowns, white or purple? Thus
Believing in God, the creator of
All things, immortal peace shall
Abide in us,

Uru. Yea, let us live in hope, too.

Gae. The fairest garments, of

PARADISE

Seamless robes we must wear.

Zeu. Then; be it most well with us.

Ven. They be sweet fadeless vestures
Of unchangeing love

Cor. Most sincere, I believe.

Zeu. On the shining threads of this
Age, in youth, my years doth ripen.

Ven. Thou golden gates, O fling
Wide, weigh our thoughts on the
Golden hinge, the future grace,
Most purely deep in delicious wells, for
Those smooth and happy rivers in us,
Be but lakes of love.

Rhe. The weight of time, lies
Smooth and delightful, on the
Golden lever of this age.

Cro. Our non-weary gait thus
Characters in us, sweet desire

Ven. It seems to be the race we
Run, undoubtable most esteem'd.

Cro. From the marrow of youth,
On strength we feed, the sweet
Comb of content.

Ura. The true and the living God,
Said, let us make man in our image,
After our likeness : let them have
Dominion over the fish of the sea,
Over the fowl of the air, over the cattle,
Over every creeping thing, and over all
The earth.

Gae. Uranus, God of heaven,
Created man in our image, and
Gave him dominion over all the earth.

Ura. Good it be ; O, what a

PARADISE

Wonderful and mighty God, be he !

Gae. Yea ; out of the dust of earth
Man was wonderfully made.

Cro. In Eden, the beautiful garden
Of Paradise, man was thus put, to
Dress and keep it.

Rhe. O, say, Cronus, in yonder cave,
Man be dead asleep, him I
Cannot waken.

Cro. Yea ; while man be yonder
Asleep, god taken'd from his side,
A rib, and thus made him a woman,
Help mate ; and brought her unto him.

Zeu. God of heaven, named man Adam
And Adam, named the woman Eve.

Cro. Adam said, this is now
Bone of my bones and flesh of my
Flesh, she must be called woman,
Because she was taken out of man.

Zeu. Man shall leave his father
And mother and shall cleave to
His wife, they shall both be one
Flesh.

Enter ADAM and EVE.

Ada. Eve, my dear; on the watery
Carriage of desire, mine eyes doth roll
With pleasure, as I gaze upon the
Beautiful roses of your cheeks. To see
Thee so happy, so loving and true.

Eve. My dear, this age, be most
Delightful. I will praise thee, O Lord,
The Creator of this age.

Ada. Exalted be thou, above the
Heavens O God, above all the earth,
Let thy glory be.

PARADISE

Eve. In both the heavens and the
Earth, thy mercy be great, O Lord,
God of heaven.

Ada. Those shadows downward cast,
They cannot, our golden temples bereave.

Eve. The happy tide of thoughts, have purchased
Our content.

Ada. O, let us rejoice, and praise the great God
Of heaven, for he hath strengthen'd the bars of
Our gates, within our borders, he maketh peace,
He filleth them with the finest of fruit.

Eve. O, let us forever worship the God of heaven,
For in this garden of Eden it be so delightful.

HUMANITY LOST.

BEGINNING AND END OF ALL FLESH

Scene I., Act II.

Enter PROMETHEUS, EPIMETHEUS.

Re-enter ADAM, EVE, CRONUS, ZEUS and LUCIFER

Pro. As the serpent was more
Subtle than any beast of the field,
Aspiring as he thought, much determent,
To wreck his loss, on innocent mankind,
His wretchedness, thus belched up poison,
Which doomed their happy fountains
Of peace.

Luc. Eve, thou art the fairest, and
The most beautiful creature on earth,
God hath said, ye shall not eat of
Every tree of the garden.

Eve. We may eat of the fruit, of the
Trees of the garden, but of the fruit
Of the tree, which is in the midst
Of the garden, God hath said, ye shall
Not eat of it, lest ye die.

Luc. Ye, shall not die, eat of it.

Pro. The day ye eat thereof,
Your eyes will be opened, then ye
Will know good from evil.

Eve I saw that the tree was good
For food, which was so pleasing to me,
A tree to be desired to make one wise,
I took of the fruit thereof, and did
Eat and gave unto my husband,
And he did eat also.

HUMANITY LOST

Pro. Eve, tell me the result of your
Disobedience to god.

Eve. Our eyes were opened both,
My husband and I, then we knew good,
From evil. That beautiful
Omphacine, on yonder forbidden
Tree, my wretched taste, brought
Into the world, mortality and all
Our woe.

Ada. Eve; my dear, O say,
You know I think I hear the voice of
God; walking in the garden.

Eve. My dear, true it be.

Ada. Come let us steal away,
Amongst the trees out of his sight.

Eve. Adam, my dear, God is calling thee.

Ada. What said he ?

Eve. Adam, where art thou ?

Ada. O my God, I heard thy voice in
The garden, I hid myself, because I
Was afraid

Cro. I heard the voice of God, say unto
You, Adam, hast thou eaten of the
Tree, whereof I commanded thee not to eat ?

Ada. O my God, my wife did eat,
She gave to me, and I did eat.

Cro. Eve, I hear the voice of God
Saying unto thee, what is this, that thou
Hast done ?

Eve. O my God, the serpent beguiled
Me, and I did eat.

Zeus. Lucifer, I hear the voice of God,
Saying unto thee, because thou hast done
This, ever, thou art cursed, all thy

HUMANITY LOST

Life, dust shall thou eat. Between thee,
And the seed of the woman, enmity
Shall ever exist.

Cro. Eve, God hath said, unto
Thee, thy sorrow, I will greatly multiply.

Zeu. Adam, God hath said, unto thee,
Because, unto your wife, her voice, thou
Hast hearkened, cursed is the ground,
For thy sake, ever, in sorrow shall thou
Eat.

Ada. On the rolling carriage of desire,
In pleasure, did mine eyes revolve, to see my
Beautiful bride, so happy, so loving, and
True, as to share with me, part of that
Omphacine.

Zeu. Adam, God hath said, bread, shall thou eat,
from
The sweat of thy face, unto the ground shall
Thou return, for dust thou art, unto
Dust, shall thou return.

Ura. Lucifer, thou art the forerunner
Of all crime, thou cannot, the zealous
Host flank, O God of heaven, save this
Fallen world. O God of heaven, save the
Coming generations. O God of heaven,
Judge them, by thy power and wisdom.

Ada. Uranus, there is an echo,
Which torments the rear porches of
My ears, it pains me. I cannot answer;
I am sick at heart. Yet I thrive; but
Woe lies deep in the marrow of my
Bones, I steal away in the quiet of
Youth, I but exist in vanity, O do
Cherish the pipes of my heart, thou
Omnipotent hand held out to
Me, in thy wrath rebuke me
Not, in thy displeasure, chastise
Me, in me, thine arrows stick fast,

HUMANITY LOST

I am sore at heart, no soundness
In me, through disobedience,
Thou art angry, in dust, my
Bones decay, iniquities swallow
Me, the burden lays heavy,
Too heavy for me, in this yoke, I
Cannot avail, from my wounds,
The fowl scent of corruption flows,
Because of my sin. O, how feeble and sore
Broken, through disquietness of my
Heart, I roar the length of night.

Eve O God, my desire is before thee,
My groaning is not hid, my heart
Panteth, my strength faileth, the
Light of my eyes is gone, all my lovers
Have fled, I stand not aloof, I am
Dumb, deaf and blind.

I cannot see the merciful hand,
Nor hear the holy word of command.

I am ready to halt, I'll soon be no more
God forsake me not, I will declare
My sin, my loss, I hope to regain.
I will heed my ways, while the tempter
Is before me. Let me know mine end,
And the measure of my days.
How frail may I be, my age be nothing
Before thee, I am but vanity, I
Heapeth up riches, who shall
Gather them, I cannot tell thee, O God
My hope is in thee, what wait I for?
By the blow of thine hand, I am
Consumed.

Ada. The ploughers make long
Their furrows, let the cords of the
Wicked be cut asunder, out of the
Depths I cried, my voice be faint,
Good rather to be chosen than
Riches. God be the maker of all,
Rich and poor shall meet together,
Strife and reproach will cease,

HUMANITY LOST

Whatever we sow we shall reap.
The transgressor, outgrowth of
Knowledge, shall exasperate me.
They cannot debar their short pleasures
Speeding thus, nor confuse the
Tide of happy deeds. Tender thoughts
Occasionally drift in the narrow
Straits of their mind. The flowers of
Silent war shall unlock the treasure
Of Tarquin's tent, shall be clear
Unmatched, in triumph of delight.
I brave only the duty, which doth
Of itself persuade, and touch not
The bait of knowledge, which lie in
Fathoms deep.

Epi. The rod of anger will
Fail. The secret gift of mankind,
Pacifieth no strife. The end of inheritance
Gotton hastily, cannot be blessed.
The scorner's punishment on us graze.
Sacrifice, be not more acceptable,
Than justice, feeding on truth.
Desired treasures, the oil of danger,
In criminal burning lamps. Those
Who find life, are the true planters
Of righteousness, thus they be
Reward reapers. Sowers of iniquity,
Be vanity reapers. Let truth be
Upheld. Justice determined,
Mercy throned in all, the heavens
Then rejoice, to see the righteous
Triumph in love.

Pro. Lucifer, your courage breeds but
Sorrow on the mantle of guilty thoughts.

Luc. When in heaven I involuntarily withdrew
From off the files of war. I must bear and forbear.
Guilty pains, thus tormenting me,
On my bosom they lay cold in death,
Which voluntarily rebound in me, I
Shall ever and ever burn, mid the sap,
Within the heart of flames.

HUMANITY LOST

SCENE II.

Enter CAIN, ABLE *and* DEMONS OF HELL.

Re-Enter POSEIDON, PLUTO, LUCIFER *and*
PROMOTHEUS.

Plu. Poseidon, King Lucifer will hold
A mass meeting at the capital of hell,
In the palace loyal to his kingdom,
He will be the orator before the assemblage.

Pos. Tell me the nature of the
Meeting and oration.

Plu. King Lucifer desires to address
His governors, princes, lords, dukes, judges,
And all his great spirits. He desires
Greatly to tell them of his glorious
Visit to the new-created world, and
Of his wonderful success.

Pos. What success?

Plu. In tempting the woman, thus
Influenced her, to eat the fruit of the
Tree, of which she was commanded
Not to eat.

Pos. After king Lucifer's oration,
Then what will take place?

Plu. There will be given by his
Govenors, Lords, Dukes and Judges,
A grand luncheon, in honor of
His return at home. His successful
Visit to the new-created world,
Called earth.

Pos. It be most delightful toast,
No doubt.

Plu. True it be.

HUMANITY LOST

Enter RHADAMANTHUS, PHOCUS and MINOS

The mass meeting at Lucifer's Palace opened by Phocus. Judge Rhadamanthus was elected Chairman of the meeting.

Pho. To order ; dear hearers, I am
Pleased greatly, to have the honor, to
Name as chairman of this meeting
Our most, Honorable Judge Rhadamanthus.
All in favor of him for such, will
Please give their consent by saying "aye,"
Or else remain silent.

The Assemblage. "Aye, aye, aye."

Pho. My dear Honorable Judge I am
Delighted undoubtedly, to have the
Pleasure to inform you, that you are
Elected chairman of this meeting.
My dear hearers, through the channels
Of my veins, flows the tide of pleasure
To know that I'm blessed with the
Opportunity this moment, to introduce
To you our elect chairman
Of this meeting, the most Honorable
Judge Rhadamanthus, the
President Judge of the Supreme
Court of Hell.

Rha. My dear hearers
Your attention for one moment, I
Kindly beg of you, Remember when
In heaven, on yonder plain and hill,
In dale those vaulted shades under
Pendent gloom, fed on the dead
Of night, that beneath clouds of
Darkness, on the flying carriage
Of pain; then the Sun of Orient
Pearl, smote warmly, first, the morn of
Open field, where guilty roses fled, now
Appears on floods and lakes, their

HUMANITY LOST

Weary passage darksome. Balm
And gums odorous, which for us
Wept, round that sapphire fount,
Successful, the boon of nature, did
Once in us bend. The rind of golden
Fruit, was forever banished, still
In us, our loss breeds no repentance,
But lower we fall. No flowery lap,
Her store doth spread. To ordain the
Passage of death, which in us burn.
'Mid no comfortable stars, which on
Time, we stole upon the dead of night,
Through the burning flames, how
Far shall we be driven. The season
We serve. Celestial spirits may surprise,
For pure thoughts lie deep, dead and still.
Between desire and dread, no longer ;
Should we be madly toss'd.
Now I am much pleased to have the
Honor, to introduce to you our
Most honorable and worthy king,
King Lucifer.

King. Luc. My dear hearers, my
Heart is embellished with much
Pleasure, undoubtable, to have
The opportunity to address this
Meeting, the noble assemblage,
Of wonderful patriotic spirits,
The most brilliant stars of my
Kingdom. In this capital, we
Adore the chaste blood of this nation,
On us justly stain'd. The rights of
This kingdom. Let us brave our
Hearts to maintain. The future
Proved better, had I lived ignorant, alone
I've enough to bear, each day's lot, my
Part of evil only, for on me lights the
Burden of many ages, abortive birth
Gaining, by my fore-knowledge, ere
Their being with thought, to torment
Me, they must be. What shall befall

HUMANITY LOST

The natives of my kingdom, I trust no evil;
More then have we. Must I bear grievous,
To feel in substance, in apprehension,
The future evil, I trust my fore-knowledge
Can prevent. The cease of violence.
Hope had I, of war in the new created
World, but violence yet, be not ceased,
With me, all so well, would have gone.
On earth, peace, would have crowned
The happy length of golden days,
Deceived; I am, most undoubtable, for
I see waste in war, corruption to peace,
Those celestial guides, the truth unfold,
They in wealth are luxurious, thus
Triumph in hope. Eminent, powerless,
Yet in them perish not, self-substantial
Flames, that of great exploits, and no
Virtue void, which did, on celestial
Plains, and in dale, tender moments
Breed. Now ever, from off the target of woe,
Hangs the impenetrable art of mankind,
For within the locks of death, no
Lascivious key, can turn the mortal
Springs to life. My dear loyal
Citizens, I now desire to make you
Acquainted with my visit to the
New-created world called earth,
And my wonderful success. The
First I did, I selected the most
Subtle beast of the field, to
Serve as my visible agent. First
Approach'd he the woman,
As the most weak sex, she proved to
Be, which to success, gave vent. To her,
Said he, eat of the tree, thou art
Commanded not to eat, surely die, thou
Shall not. He; the woman did obey,
Then all things which were
Immortal, became mortal, I am thus
Greatly pleased with the result. I have
Decided, to set up, both a visible,
And invisible kingdom, in the

HUMANITY LOST

New-created world, called earth, in
That world, I shall establish a standing
Army invisible, to protect my rights
There. My loss, and everlasting curse,
I am determined, to continue to wreck
On all mankind. Of the invisible
Standing army, I myself will be the
Commander-in-chief. All riots,
Visible and mortal depredation,
Among mankind, of those prove
Most competent, I shall select,
As leaders of bloody riots, and all
Depredation, which thus shall exist.
I'll select only those, who, my rights to
The last degree, will defend.
Cain, of mankind, ye be the most
Thirsty spirit of blood, ye I do
Appoint, as commander of all
Bloody work in this new-created world,
Your post of duty, at once command.

Cain. Yea, most worthy king, I will.

Ada. Cain, my son, ye be selected
By God, as tiller of the ground, I
Trust your produce, will be
Pleasing to the lord.

Abl. Father, what kind of work, did
God select for me ?

Ada. Son, God hath said, ye shall
Be keeper of the sheep

Cain. Father, in yonder rotten pile
Of rubbish, lies buried, my fruit
Of the ground, before the lord.

Abl. Father, at yonder gorgeous
Fountain-springs, the firstling,
And fat of my flock, there feed
Before the Lord.

Ada. Able, the Lord be greatly
Pleased with your offering.

HUMANITY LOST

Cain. What about my offering?

Ada. Son, the Lord be not
Pleased with your offering.

Cain. Ah! you don't tell me so

Abl. Brother, be patient, try again.
For endless power of omnipotence, be thus triumph
In love, much success, his stay want'd, need no advise

Cain. Able, come let us go to the
Field.

Abl. Brother, very well.

Cain. Able, your offering before
The Lord, I most bitterly hate,
To the very bottom of my heart.

Abl. Dear brother, many dark
Fathoms of sorrow, down deep
Into my heart, lay silent and
Tender, for thee. There feeding on
Grief alone be patient, your success,
The future worm, will yet breed

Cain. Able, no talk of that kind I want
To hear, I shall give you but
Five minutes to live, if or not, you wish
You can make your peace with God.

Min. your honor, most worthy king,
Pleased undoubtable; am I; with
The heroic courage of Cain, all
Forms, moods of grief denote he.
The downcast, depreciation before
Omnipotence esteem'd not, though
Involved blood shed, yet I lie, the
Brand of blood, seem but
Trappings and suits of woe, yet from
That impious act, all seem brandish.

Pho. Judge, true it be; all appear
Brandish.

HUMANITY LOST

Min. I see descriptions of fairest
Realms, songs heroic, late beginning,
Thus ring canorous, choosing subjects,
Of the unpremeditat'd verse.

Pos. That wretched image, whose
Blood, thus be branded in all mankind
In sorrow, time be short, but long
It seems, heavy be his woe. seldom he
Sleeps, this I know.

Min. Exaggeration, lies many
Fathoms deep in you.

Pos. Though we may lie. yet let us
Survey mountains of truth

Pro. Truth be the virtue. many
Notes deep in love, yet cold and late,
On his wintry wing, thus intended to
Soar, but much depressed, nightly to my
Ear brings no satiety, after stars have
Fled. O say, what office, to us, shall
Bring the light of Hesperus, 'twixt day
And night. In twilight I muse, down
This bright calade, I must patrol, though slow and
pensive
I move.

Pos. O say, Prometheus, what devilish bridge is
that
Which spans the natural ravines of
Human love?

Pro. Why, that's the honorable
Bridge of Cain, built of criminal metallic
Ore, thus on wretched piers of bloody steel.

Pos. Will it long there stay ?

Pro. Until eternity.

Plu. On innocent plains and in
Dale, tender moments, did once. on us
Breed.

HUMANITY LOST

Pro. True it be.

Plu. That meditated fraud, bent
On mankind's destruction, which
Before the threats of archangels fled,
Heavier on himself, which might hap
Returned fearless, then fled from off the
Files of war.

Pro. Pronounced he most
Sternly, grief, sorrow and woe, to
His dreaded ear, yet resound echos
Lost, from o'er the nodding beach.

Pos. O say, under the veil of thought
Eager to grasp am I, those dark
Bubbles of pain, thus drifting on
The mental seas of woe, what
Carriage have I to bear, thus
Speeding on wheels of crime, art
Thou the pale-faced hornet,
Within the archet, where my
Possessions lie, for in natural
Gheer, his single-sighted orb,
Reverse in me, the innocent
Bell of desire.

Pro. His soul inward, vexation
Deep, on his tongue, hath served a
Mute arrest. The sting of poison
Flames, through narrow gates, his
Courage storm'd in me the fountains
Of peace.

Rha. Whatever, I've no
Repentance to recall, for that develish
Ram, back rebounds on me, O how
His echos do, remorse the human
Dells, and mortal fountains in dale.
In me, silly groans lie dark and
Still, that most tender and stale,
Yet my wretched courage doth survive.

Pro. Into revolts, your range
Of character where thus involved,

HUMANITY LOST

Evil-influenced misled, though
Warlike, voluntarily inclined. No doubt,
Discontented dreams lie in dark
Chambers of tormented thoughts, with
Thee, seem objects lamentable,
Though pioneer laboring, with
Sweat, thou art much begrimed,
Yet from mute towers, thou art old.

Pos. Minos, from thee, the speed and length of days,
Have past, as scarlet, though your
Sins may be, like crimson, yet they
Be red, but they; not as wool, nor whiter
Than snow, can ever be. In your
Heart, the passage of moral fountains,
Be forever corroded, what space, have
Expired in thee, for there's not a
Blooming hair I can measure. Back
To the storage of truth, shall I
Recall, for your character booms in me
Disguise, by a chief incompetent, thou art
Deceived, when in heaven, his influence,
Much strength, proved successful, to
Thousands of spirits lost.

Min. My forbearance, under the guilty
Roof of desire, yet lies pitched with dark
Remembrance, that silly roll of war,
Spawned in me, many dark deeds of
Crime, which in pain, I must forever
Bear. The burden in me, lies hideous,
Impatient, hysterical, ah! in me, what
A task, must I bear, or fall away, this I
Can't, for the hell I suffer, torments
The space of no retreat. The task worth
Worn, in me finds no surrender,
Yet the sweet appetite of doubt,
Tells many fables, which makes me
Wise. My subjects prone thus breeding
In me, thoughts I cannot reveal, on
Curiosity, I drift, who's sails of
Spreading canvas, thus boom over
Anger billows of other seas, for wonders

HUMANITY LOST

Within my wretched frame, tells me fables of
King Lucifer.

Rha. Say; King Lucifer tells me, his heart is made of truth,
Undoubtably; I believe him, though I know he lies,
'Twas he who spawned into my heart the pain of youth,
I'm sorry, but still in me his wretched knot he ties.

My success, link'd to fortune,
Recorded thus in journals void,
No advice would I heed, persuaded
By spirits, not involved,
But mooring in peace, their
Foreknowledge thus ordain'd, aside
They laid the rolls of war, true to
Omnipotence proved they. The
Moorage of my stay, I've courage enough
To break, but I can find no space of
Repentance. Ah! Tell me where shall
I fly? Beyond the boundaries of
Knowledge, I'm tormented,
Innocent, though I was led, voluntarily,
For my signature, space I sought, on
The devilish files of war.

POEMS.

**To the Orators of the Evening of The Hon.
President M'Kinley's Memorial Service
at the Academy of Music, Phila., Penn.,
Sept. 19, 1901.**

Before types of eloquence,
Most patiently we stood,
To see the consequence,
So determined we should.

The eloquent gestures
With powerful tones from thee,
Broke our grief into gestures,
Esteem silents on thee.

Truthfully we believe
That you meant what you said,
It did our heart's relieve
Some grief of beloved dead.

We saw thy precious thoughts,
Thus trailing into truth,
Yet deep into our thoughts,
And the contented booth.

The arch-bishopric grief
For our lost President,
On esteemed spars we reef,
Our base of resident.

On grief of architrave
I hear the mourning knell
Pounding on our hearts' grave,
Thus through the living dell.

POEMS.

**A Poem on the Death of our President
Hon. William McKinley.**

Within the boundaries of this brilliant Nation,
Far back some fifty-eight years ago,
To us, sprang from roots of its relation
A noble bud, now in grief lays low
Down with the stem of its national memory.
In the vault'd tomb it must decay
Down to silence and cold tears of liberty
Thus premeditates no tears its way
No more, on that noble stem of life shall bloom
Nor on this dark wicked calade
So soon was planted into our hearts its doom,
Will never on our memory fade.
Those pure thoughts of sweet contented bowers
Breathed farewell to the bride of memory.
"It is God's way, His will be done, not ours!"
"Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee."
We gently sing, "My God, silent to thee,
Thou cold sepulchre's worm, silent to thee."

Many a sad flower has withered and passed away
Of which we can never remember,
But the palm on the stem of it's brilliant ray,
Was doomed on the sixth of September
'Twas then it withered slowly and passed away
From the bellibone of our Nation,
To meet its Creator in realms far away,
Left to us the doom of creation.
In the noble palace of our national reign.
Thus blooming in the caves of our hearts.
There on the world's base forever will remain,
Blooming at the fountain of all hearts.
Those pure thoughts of sweet contented bowers
Breathed farwell to the bride of memory
It is God's way, His will be done, not ours!
Nearer my God to thee, near to thee.
We gently sing, My God, silent to thee,
Thou cold sepulchre's worm, silent to thee.

POEMS

On the Death of an American Dame.

WRITTEN 1895.

Many sad unnumbered tears flow
 Silent to the home of thy youth ;
The home you loved and left below,
 Then fled to a Celestial booth
Where all is love; there is no night,
Nothing but day and holy light,

Parting from those you loved so much,
 To meet the never-dying one
Who called you to life, never touch
 Again the bitter links you won,
On the morning of your bondmaid
The agonies of death you paid.

Behold with invisible eyes,
 Through the powerful telescope
Of faith that guides us through the skies,
 The prize, the everlasting hope
Where fountains of mercy doth flow,
Far beyond death and all his foe

From the doom of that vaulted frail,
 Ever springs melodious tones
On memory's unfathomed trail,
 Yet, in dust leaves nothing but bones.
Life is nothing on this calade,
To golden ravines you parade.

Let us on commemoration,
 Voluntarily feed every thought ;
Then protect a moral nation,
 For justice all mankind has sought
And won on earth a noble prize,
For the race of the just and wise.

POEMS

The Hurricane

WRITTEN 1886.

O take me as I am,
O take me now dear lamb.
Oh take me where I shall abide,
That I may be at rest.
And make me thine indeed,
Thy law I hope to heed.
O take me to thy blessed side,
Then I'll be ever blest.
O may the hurricane roar,
We'll then the sooner be o'er.
We'll weather the sea, and land the free,
On yon forever green shore.

I see many a twisted spar,
Toss'd with heroic bar,
Wharped in the wild hurricane gale,
The boom o'er deck and sea.
I see a distant bark,
Like a sweet little lark,
To the high western windward sail,
With canvass o'er the lea.
O may the hurricane roar,
We'll then the sooner be o'er.
We'll weather the sea, and land the free,
On yon forever green shore.

To the Saviour, I cling,
My faults to Thee I bring.
I'll fight my way through storms on sea,
And battle through the night.
I'll coast the bars of love,
And sail for hopes above
I'll drift and anchor in the lea,
And rest in realms of light.
O may the hurricane roar,
We'll then the sooner be o'er.
We'll weather the sea, and land the free,
On yon forever green shore.

POEMS

There at the post I bend,
My thoughts to thee I lend.
My life I give to helm call,
Life of the hurricane gale.
I'll watch the cowardly flaw,
There at the post of law,
Then every line I'll carefully haul,
Of every flopping sale.
O may the hurricane roar,
We'll then the sooner be o'er,
We'll weather the sea, and land the free,
On yon forever greenshore.

POEMS

On Time

Time is wasting away,
Like a winter's night.
And the moon's cold, cold ray,
Floating out of sight.

Time is bold,
Was foretold,
Uncontrolled,
Brave and old.

Time of the brave but lives,
Yet earth gives nothing.
Nothing to nothing gives,
Yet time is something.

Time is bold,
Was foretold,
Uncontrolled,
Brave and old.

Time shortens every day,
How wretched art thou.
Ah! So gorgeous and gay,
Time to faults allow.

Time is bold,
Was foretold,
Uncontrolled,
Brave and old.

Time is passing away,
For soon, soon will end.
No longer disobay,
Time the end will send.

Time is bold,
Was foretold,
Uncontrolled,
Brave and old.

Time is but a thimble sound,
On his memory's shade.
It's the mote on heart's rebound,
And a sepulchre's fade.

Time is bold,
Was foretold,
Uncontrolled.
Brave and old.

DRAMATIC POEMS

On the Senatorial and Congressional Members and Orators
of the United States of N. A., including all from
the beginning of this Republic to this present day.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FIVE ORATORS OF THE UNITED STATES LAW MAKING
Body.

FIVE AMBASSADORS FROM EUROPE.

Enter EMPIRE, KINGDOM *and* REPUBLIC.

UNITED STATES		EUROPE
A, OF THE SENATE	KINGDOM,	F, OF ENGLAND
B, " " "	EMPIRE	G, OF FRANCE
C, " " "	and	H, OF RUSSIA
D, OF CONGRESS	REPUBLIC	I, OF GERMANY
E, " "		J, OF ITALY

SCENE I.

ACT I.

Enter J *and* A.

- J. I hear the ring of thoughts from Greek and Latin,
Flashing through Royal Temples and in dale.
- A. Say; ye feed on my heart, O sweet words of ten,
On thee I muse, which o'er and round the world
trail.
- J. The oratorical thoughts of your national brave,
Lie deep in the dells of morality,
Where phrenology lies buried in culture's grave,
Guarded by the science of mortality.

DRAMATIC POEMS

- A. Your words be as the moon, with her mortal eclipse,
Chance ye lease, control my heart, it's rime on my
lips.
- J. Human eyes may wink with 'prenetic tears in vain,
Beneath the cannon's roaring instrument,
Of the brilliant orators of thy national brain,
Wash'd with the brave blood of your government.
- A. I know thou callest not my tongue idolatry,
Your praises be most dear, my songs are liberty.
- J. My fortunes chide, I'll ever thrive with your nation.
- A. Then come with me; let us protect her foundation.

SCENE II.

ACT I.

Enter B and G.

- B. Your true sweet character, my false heart cannot ink
Now my thoughts are gored, I've nothing but love
to link.
- G. Far back upon the cultivated fields of art,
Where the scientific orators grazed,
In ancient day, with all their soul, body strength
and heart,
The American stars, from there was raised.
- B. Oh! say friend, to yonder chariot, I'll hitch my
strength,
- G. Then you and I my love, can ride the wide world's
length,
- B. Dearer birth, my love had brought me much good
return,
There is ranks of much better equipage, I learn.
- G. Oratory yet stands charged with ambitious aim,
On morality's brave elevation
Over the wide universe ye expand your name,
And shoulder banners of resolution.

DRAMATIC POEMS

- B. I've harness'd of late, no forlorn, though expensive
G. That inhem'd desire, quoth he; thus slow and
pensive.

SCENE I.

ACT II.

Enter I and D.

- I. I shall muse on your lips, most noble and great,
Those hills of thunder, roaring in my ears.
D. My deaf, dumb drench'd tears I passion, yet of late.
I. Your voice, to my heart, brings but sweet flowing
tears.
D. Why; thee pain my stale dull words, thus tender
noteth.
I. Cause, hysterically my joints shake, and I doteth.
D. I'll stamp, no down-trodden dust of my father's
brave.
I. Thy patriotism; on my heart, much love engrave

SCENE II.

ACT II.

Enter C, REP., F, and EMP.

- C. When the group of many fathoms rose, please note
Thus character'd, that I was but a mote.
Em. The guilty warrant of your case, be thus costum'd
C. Nay; my possessions thus barrack'd at home, not
doomed.
F. One stroke, I'll sway the left carriage of my arm.
There's no other voice I can love dearer,
Than the voice of American Statesman's storm,
To us, no other nation is nearer.
C. Though many winters cold, pale is the frozen tide,
From the forest shook many summers of my pride.
I'll verse the pure intended love for us, in thee.
O come and see the barracks of our liberty.

DRAMATIC POEMS

Emp. Your father once surprised my march, I shall quoth
he.

C. Don't say my father was false, or unjust to thee.

Emp. Yonder bloody judge, forbade my tongue to speak
life:

Rep. 'Twas he; who arm'd my flesh and soul, with blood
and strife.

King. 'Twas he; who introduced to me, that bloody knife.

F. There's no down-trodden dust of our father's brave.

C. Nay; nothing we urge, we cannot reprove.

F. Virtue is love, love's device is but a slave,
Contrive abuse, he; no abuse remove.

Rep. My songs not tedious, out-worn, though many
hours long.
I teach my Senators law, O how brave and strong.

Emp. Much amazed, unaware, from life to tears have
dropped.

Rep. But to repine, 'stonish'd my trust stook'd, thus
round topped.

Emp. I wish I were; but a star to your noble trust.

Rep. Then; if the text be true, ye dare not say unjust.

SCENE III.

ACT II.

Enter H, E and KINGDOM.

Re-Enter EMPIRE and REPUBLIC.

H. E, to your honor; what Republic is this?
O, where am I? Am I betwixt two heavens?
I am drench'd in golden free lakes, that's no miss,
My cure in crimson, be under stroke of seven.

E. Thou warrant, the world's comforter of late,
Your impression yields to things character'd great.

DRAMATIC POEMS

- H.* My dear friend, I pardon no love I crave of thee
- E.* Say; no discontent, didst thou e'er bequeath to me.
- H.* My will, my heart, my hand still much of thee I
crave
Under myrtle contented shade, courage I brave.
- Emp.* There is many doubts in thee, I shall thus conclude.
- H.* Let all thy doubts and wants in thee, be thus
renew'd.
- Rep.* This is my land, my acres, my fortune of miles.
- King.* Yea; no remote S or D, thee didst e'er beguile.
- Rep.* All my fondest, latest wants in thee, lie devote.
- King.* Ah! in thee, my faintest, latest doubts, be remote.
- Rep.* Still some later age, thus have sent my courage trail.
- King.* Thou the rose, thus blooming in my heart and in
dale.
- Rep.* Scarce, my visage hide in garrets of idle thoughts.
- King.* Child, thou art the brightest rose, blooming on
my thoughts.
- Rep.* Night and day, I shall gladly verse, and muse on
your most noble chart
- King.* I'm the love, thou art the gate, thus swaying on
the hinge of my heart.
- Rep.* Down the cold current, dark and pensive I row,
hard to the windward.
- King.* East; south-east, ye contend, right and left, ye
twist the helm of your oar.
- Rep.* Hard I scull, though much content'd I cherish
many dreams unheard,
- King.* Fretless, painless, ye can weather the sea, and scent
the other shore.

**On the Presidents of this Republic from
the First to this Present Day.**

Our President's on the Grand Union Lake,
Typed with electric stars of freedom,
Was rear'd for our independence sake,
Those brave banners of our kindgom.

Not revolts, nor the hysterical tone,
Delays the intellectual organ,
Of our independent stars alone,
The brave of our republic bargain.

Wars are over, United Victory won,
Stripes of independence shall ever wave,
With a cry brave contented boys fight on,
Curfew calls thee home to father's brave.

Where's the star of freedom which cannot dim,
And the eye that cannot roll in vain?
The throne of this republic is for him,
Whose name and honor shall ever reign.

The light of success, yet, lies still and free,
Built of bright gold, from undulations brave.
That through blood did march for sweet liberty,
Determined our home and nation save.

ACROSTICS.

On Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

X.

FAIR oaks, on thee my thoughts doth run,
AND natural rocks 'round me bend.
I'VE spent with thee many contented winters,
ROLLING thus to me ; spring, summer and autumn.
MORNING'S summer mounted steeds
ON strangers heave their merry wreathes.
UNFORTUNATE delightful measures
NINE times the fouler on his breathless bosom.
TENDERING my safety, then for me.

PAVE the walks to overseen towers.
AS yet, I can learn to survey those
RUSTIC ravines on the flaming orb of mine eye
KINDLE, I must beg of thee, those fires burning in me.

On William Shakespeare, the greatest Dramatic
Poet, born at Stratford, England, April 23, 1564.

XXVII.

WE esteem thy works, thou art the greatest heir of fame.
I read thy brilliant deep thoughts, and try to explain

ACROSTICS.

LENGTH of days reap for thee, fountains of memory.
LEAVING my heart, thus on the boom of liberty.
I love the tide of deep chemicals, flowing from thee.
AND those sweet mental roses, thus blooming in lea.
MIDDLEDOOM flight, stole upon thee, the dead of
 night.

SLEEP, O thou noble fame, those silent mortal eyes,
HAPPY stars of fame, their golden beams lend much
 light.
AVAILETH those bones, beneath hungry wolves boding
 cries
KEY our hearts, with lambs of brilliant thoughts, pure
 and still.
EXPIRED in me not, many wants I crave to drill.
SADLY toss'd between gloom and dread, thus on the
 hill
PALE, I'm gently toss'd on the wing of grief and gloom.
EYES of youth, roll and burn, on temper's spacy room.
ANOTHER tone, sweetly bewitch'd the honest brow,
RINGING the cold flint of death, on our tender vow.
EVE'S gloom, silent and still, doth mourn that noble
 brow.

.....

On John Milton, the great Poet of England.

XVIII.

JUST a word, great Milton, my dear sir.
OFT I brace that tombs carriage mourn, not to slur

ACROSTICS.

HAVE found that sweet verse, Paradise Lost ;
NUMBER'D its words on my bosom toss'd.

MEMORY shades the cold sleeping eye.
ISLES melt into grief, where those bones lie.
LEAD my thoughts to graze that noble dust.
THOU brilliant star, continue thou must
OVER golden lamps of fame, revolve
NATURAL ; thou great, cannot thus dissolve.

.....

On the greatest American Poet,

Henry W. Longfellow.

XXIX.

HENRY ! my dear sir, on the carriage of fame
EVERY noble bard, I see, thus speeding with thy
name.
NATIONS, no doubt, love thy thoughts of fountains
great
ROLLING thus to me, on the current of late.
YET, confronts the world of esteem'd literature.

WE cannot feed on noble currents truer.
AN eye to the mystic tube of fiery ranks
DETERMINED to mourn those solitary banks
SHIFT on me, the period of flight I esteem.

ACROSTICS

WADSWORTH, the center of forty numbers beam.
OVER-turn'd patients on yonder hanging face
REAPS sweet blooming deeds, from many a chosen race
THOU star of seven seas, the sweet flowing verb,
HANGING on the hinge of fame, the golden word

LET my verse now call upon thy gentle grace,
OF such as wonders over the bar I trace.
NOW lean penury within the pen doth dwell.
GENERAL subjects breed thus in the natural dell.
FOR myself I can see modest arrows keen,
EVER blooming roses wither not, yet unseen
LEND thou; O, I pray those guides of youth to mourn,
LEARN'D in the sweet noun of patients we have borne
ON that tomb, thy thoughts flow into numbers great
WHO are owls, untrained, it's literature they hate.

On the United States of America.

XXVI.

UNITED thorns from muddy fountains bloom not.
NINETY times I note thy fame of noble stars.
I must boast on our great marksmen's target lot.
THUS feed on our noble loyal national bars,

ACROSTICS.

ENRICH all great nations of worthy powers.

DANGEROUS battle ships to any foreign flag.

SAILS under stars and stripes, which shakes foreign
bowers.

THEIR merit respect that patriotic rag

ALL thoughts discontent'd on zealous limbs,

TAUNT'D with some jewels of a ghastly night.

ECHOES of narrow seas, in the lea-way trims.

SILVER oars lie bent, toiling for truth and light,

ONLY welcome worthy lords on this soil.

FEED on cultivated deeds, of thee I boast,

NOT me; other men, serve the unworthy duke.

OBEY the law, learn ye, from the book of Luke

REAP thus, historical remembrance toil,

THEN turn, thus review the flag, I love the most.

HAVE I yet in thee, ten thousand errors note?

AND all my love, is now mortgaged for thee.

MY wishes borrow hope, on thy bosom mote,

EVER typed on the dial of my memory.

REJOICE in thy tender, the base touches prone

I see stars and stripes motion another tone,

CALLING to arms, its noble type of the brave

AND protects freedom, our fathers died to save.

ACROSTICS

XXXV.

On the Life of the Hon. Jay Gould,

Among the Greatest and Most Honorable of our Great American
Financiers, New York City, N. Y.

JUST character, not in the rear of affection,
AS I see; but at the front of recollection.
YIELD financiers to those natural gifts on us beam.

GREATNESS, thee; thou highest honor, fountains of
esteem.
OVER grades, the cold roaring steel of many a rod.
UNEARTH thy skill, the noble gift o'er many a sod.
LEANS on our rapid motion, this busy world,
DELIGHTFUL measures of thy skill, have on us
furl'd.

XXXVI.

On the Death of the Hon. Jay Gould.

JUST sad, from many dear friends thou hast pass'd
away.
ARE most select; bright rose, but now thou doth
decay.
YOUTHFUL ornaments on fountains of skill, once
bloom'd.
GRACEFULLY plowing, furrows of fame on thy tomb.

ACROSTICS

OUR morn and eve bloom, for love on thee, is not dead.
UNDER wings pensive, the sport of twilight is fled
LET reason rule mortal thoughts, as once did this head.
DESTROY our pleasant dreams not, of this noble
dead.

.....

XXXVII.

On the Family of Vanderbilts.

The Great American Financiers of New York City, N. Y.

FAIREST roses crescent, alone grows not,
ARE thy necessities embark'd then forgot.
MARKETS of stock, be the temple of wealth.
INTERNATIONAL skill thus breeding on health.
LAY down on us the noble price of fame.
YIELD still, within the circuit of thy name.

OATHS of worthy masters feed on thee.
FAITH much gain'd, shall cure all disgrace in me.

VENTURE thus, on rhetoric vapour vow.
AIR in me is breath, breath is vapour now.
NECKED ; much without doubt, my thoughts doth
seem
DOMICILE walls retrieve, on many doubts, thus dream

ACROSTICS.

ELUCIDATE the knowledge mark in thee.
RUMINANT, herds, thus lowing o'er the lea.
BIBLIOLATRY, thy homage speed, thus run.
INCIPIENCY to all, marks the free way.
LET reason worthy of rule mark the day.
TENDER pipes of shepherds, doth sound the deal.
SCARCE without grace, could I in faith kneel.

XXXVIII.

On the Central Park of New York City.

CHRIST hath said, O virtue without love, I grace no
 merit in thee.
EVIL pleasures mark no steps in thee, faith yet thrives
 on charity
NOON-TIDE shades dawn the evening sport, without
 content is dead.
THEN our radiant meetings on the merry plains, with-
 out hope is fled.
ROCKS of silver fountains, within the coral belt of
 honor.
ANSWER me ; I beg of thee, I breathe the sweet scent
 of a star.
LAID in green, of many summers deep, O how I love
 thee, sweet bud.

PARDON me, I flatter thee, not, for thy roses charm
 the amber stud.
AH ! on thee, I'll measure my heart, and my thoughts
 on memory.
REAP thou the sweet scent of youth, in my heart it
 beams much liberty,

ACROSTICS.

KINDLE not familiar fires, but feed his flames with
welcom'd fuel.

ON the plains our merry meetings shall be, there I'll
prose no duel.

FEED not on false desire, nor on hope false, thus with-
out hope, leave me not.

NEVER so rich and gaudy, was there a park, nor more
fancy got.

EVERY brave capital of the heart, so justly stain'd ye
adore

WHY do we not, kiss the keen fatal knife, his treachery
on us bore.

YOUTH may throw his shallow habits into policy
dreams.

OF no idea to survey nor resurvey, those sweet fountain
realms

ROSES in thee, grieve not, nor thorns grow by sweet
merry lakes, thus appears.

KEEP in reserve, still the welcome custom, in porches of
natural piers

CENTRAL love most delightful to many hearts, which
thus love thee dearly.

I cannot blame those pipes their sweet golden sound of
notes so clearly

THOU art the star of memory, delightful stories in thee
breed,

YEW shade merry seekers, in ravines, there by ivy
fountains feed.

ACROSTICS

XLIV.

ACROSTIC DRAMATIC POEM

On the Famous American Yacht Reliance.

SCENE I.

ACT I.

SIR THOMAS THE FIRST, RELIANCE II., SHAMROCK III.,
SHAMROCK'S CREW IV.

RELIANCE *at her post.* *Enter to her* SHAMROCK.

II. **T**HERE is much space in me, I gladly muse on
thee,
HOW pure I cannot tell, O sweet Shamrock the
third.
EXERT ye much, ah ! still contend astern; I see.

BOLD ye to the winward stand, still of it; I've
word.

EYE me if ye wish, the cup on this side will stay,

AH ! from European waters to American tide,

UP at once, come and spread your mainsail at
my side.

THAT in good grace, ye and I may drift down the
bay.

I have something sweet, to thee, I would love to
tell,

FONDLY I tell thee, back home return, and there
stay.

UP with sails, be off ; ye'll chandles me no more.
Nay.

III.

II. **L**OW in tones, I hear the European commander
yell.

ACROSTICS

Sir. **Y**E have word, break-anchor, let us back home
return.

IV. **A**H ! Sir, Thomas, sorry not am I, that to learn.

Sir. **C**AN'T you little model sail. Yea, too much for us,

HOIST sails, break-anchor boys, let us be off,
we're whipp'd.

IV. **T**RUE it be, Sir Thomas, sorry am I for us.

II. **R**OUND I turn, to accompany the fame I tripp'd,
EVER sorry am I for thee, Shamrock the third.

LET me quoth he, who at the helm, thee betray'd,
III. **I** know my loss is through he, and many races
delay'd

II. **A**H ! I'm sorry for thee, my dear Shamrock the
Third,

NOT in my rigging I'll sway your noble courage,

CENTER'D thus in my heart, much grace of your
steerage,

EVER I'll love your noble heroic courage.

On the City of Camden N. J.

XXXIII.

CAN I, on thoughts of a traitorous gift,

AND no wit, set a side that to drift.

MY will is thine, thou most virtuous queen,

DAUGHTERS of thee, they in marriage seem.

ACROSTICS.

ENVY not, sweet belles of other towns.
NNATURAL, I hear the low ring of hounds.
NEEDLING inhem'd nerves, in yon valley,
JUSTICE, thus through their veins doth rally.

.....

On the State of New Jersey.

XXI.

NEARER the sea, our pleasure take delight.
ERRATIC heroic natural, long thy coast,
WARBLE thus, before the stage of delight.
JASPER the visage of dreams I love the most,
EASTERN wives and beautiful dames by the sea.
RADICALLY, locks and crook'd curls know thee.
SINGLE content'd damsels claim no carless pride,
EXONORATION, crystal thus their amber guide.
YOUTH in noble caves of his sweet summer's birth.
SCARCE they sight not, the beautiful American coast
THEN and there they bathe in that delightful surf.

ACROSTICS.

ASK me of the inns, and of their mighty host.
THIS I tell, no foreign shore can equal ours.
EMPIRES, kingdoms, tell of thy noted towers.

.....

On the State of Maine

XXX.

SINCE knowledge of thee, thus speeding on desire, I'm
determined
TO pain thee not, nor strangers of thee with a haunt'd
serment,
AS I gaze on stars over the sea, involuntarily move,
THAT to speed with the current, thus ebbing on esteem
to soothe.
EVERY dove of thy golden age, have many a tale to
tell.

OF critics, which patrol thy coast of beauty, and then
through dell.
FAIREST roses there bloom by the sea, and on those
mountains fame.

MODENA of forty worlds, thy tender breeding art the
same.

AND of many other states, I have in verse, as well as
thee.

I cannot in pain, prose or rhyme, those gorgeous rocks
by the sea.

NARROW flows of boisterous seas, coast the bars of
foreign love.

EVENING gaze toss'd between desire and dread in
lea above.

ACROSTICS

On the Liberty Bell of Philadelphia United States of North America

XLI.

LABURNUM, within thy gates, small and tender, but
sweet and gorgeous.
IDEALIZE, I do; thy tongue, the heroic knell canorous
BUT to my heart is love, when I dream of thee, sweet
liberty.
EVENING stories, and sweet news of independent morn,
delight thee.
ROSE thou didst, from tears and bondage, to lead the
life of living fame.
THAT; not to mourn the loss of victory, and blood of
foreign game.
YET, how clamorous American heroes be, in midst of
battle.

BACK, they see no loss, more brave, louder American
guns rattle.
EVER living stars and stripes, their cheerful smiles, to
our aid doth lend.
LORD is love, the foundation of liberty, be his word,
thus blend.
LAY deep in our hearts, thou star of the brave, which
did our bondage send.

.....

On the National Capital of the United States of N. A.

XLII.

WITHIN the boundaries of that law-making body
AH! who can remorse, or with crime embellish.
SAY; no wonder that impenetrable body.
HAVE; and yet, is built of grace, the brave relish.

ACROSTICS.

I see beaming on victory's satiety.
NATIONAL stars, on our noble banners of the brave.
GATHERING there yet, virtue's grace, and society
TONS of power, be the beauty of architrave.
OF its chief, I cannot, too much virtue grace.
NATIONAL in us, thou star of this noble race.

DID not our father's blood, survey this noble track,

CHARGED, set us free, twenty-seven, one hundred
years back?

.....

XVII.

On the City of Cambridge, Md.

CONQUEROR of the brave, weigh thy richly tons,
AND measure justice, yet not freely gone.
MERRY dreams, thus collegued with delightful runs,
BACK to thee, justice flows, thus surrendering on.
REAP the pure fame of wealth, his products richly
IN deep thinking furrows, advance suppress crime.
DANGER types the innocent in narrow locks,
GENTLY to ages dark, full of blood and time,
EVER suppress the dark pain, which cannot rime.

ACROSTICS

On the City of Philadelphia, Pa.

XI.

PRAISE ye the fountain of fame,
HEAL thus every mortal spray.
I see brave political deeds,
LIFT the victorious veil,
AND breed on us prosperity.
DEFEND the polish'd yoke of industry,
EVERY pure orb on his mortal base,
LIES within boundaries they survey.
PASSIONATE pilgrims gently flee,
HEAPING up desire on their last content'd flight.
I shall esteem the wind and tide of fortune,
AT the fountain of dreams flowing thus.

.....

On the State of Pennsylvania

XII.

PURE desire on thee, breeds but mortal taste,
EARLS thus mounted on safety steeds,
NOT to me they bloom; for I am but dust,
NOTHING I say on thy track breeds disgrace on thee,
SAY, we must hate the idle moments on us beam,

ACROSTICS.

YOKE together content'd roses thus blooming on our
stay
LEAVE us not I tenderly beg, to the world's pity.
VOLUNTAIRLY import'd strangers move thus,
AND record those rapid ages pounding on natural rocks,
NEARER to us, on our bosom gently rebound.
I see contention in flourishing mines, inclined to bloom,
AT one stroke of arbitration, it declines and withers.

On the Town of Denton, Md.

DELIGHTFUL shores measure my dreams which run
EVER breeding thus, on the mortal son.
NATURE doth excavate where fountains beam,
THREATENING veins breed thus, a cold merry
stream.
ON banks of health, there's many a happy star,
NOW on us, ever seals his worthy bar.

On the State of Maine

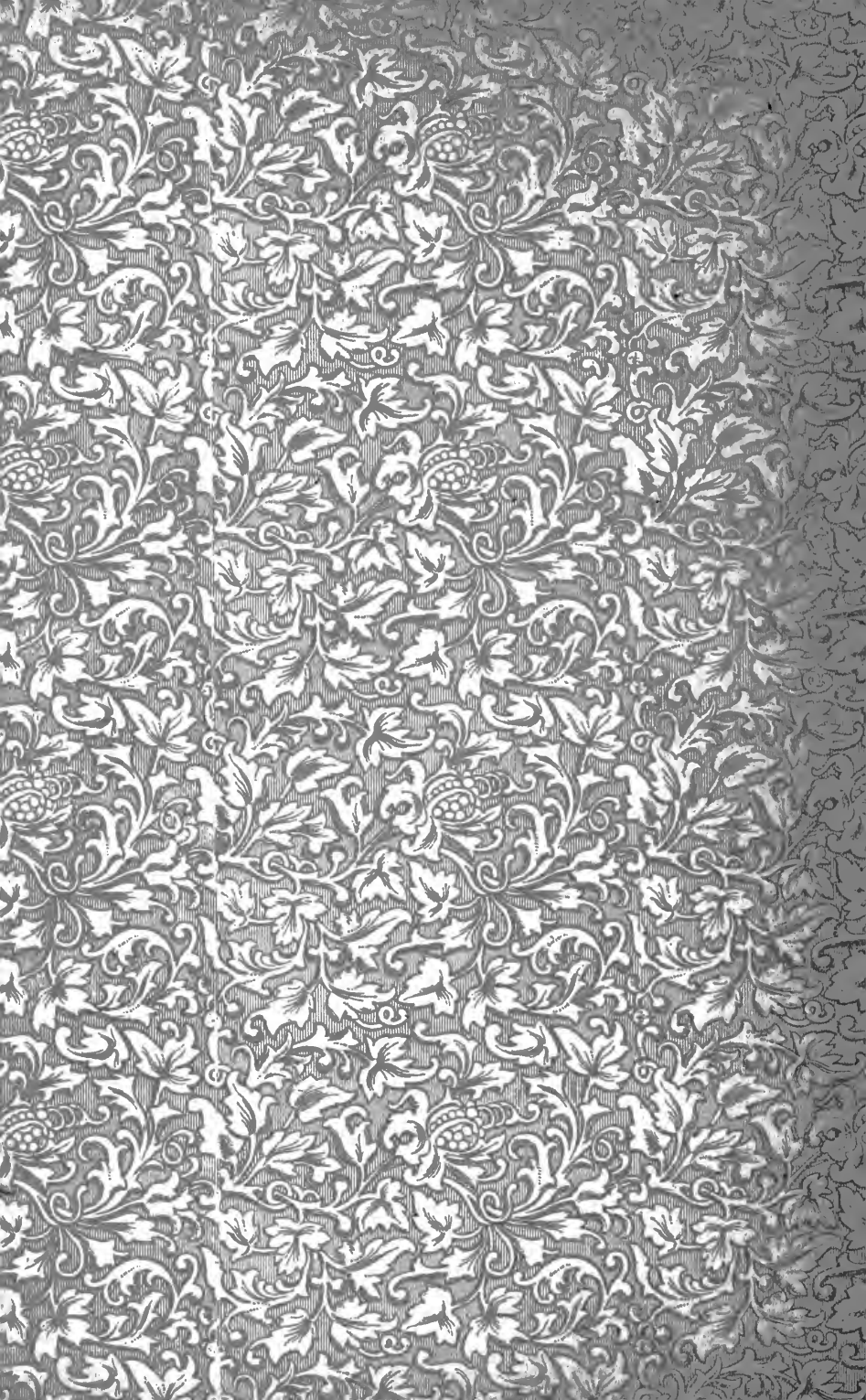
XLV.

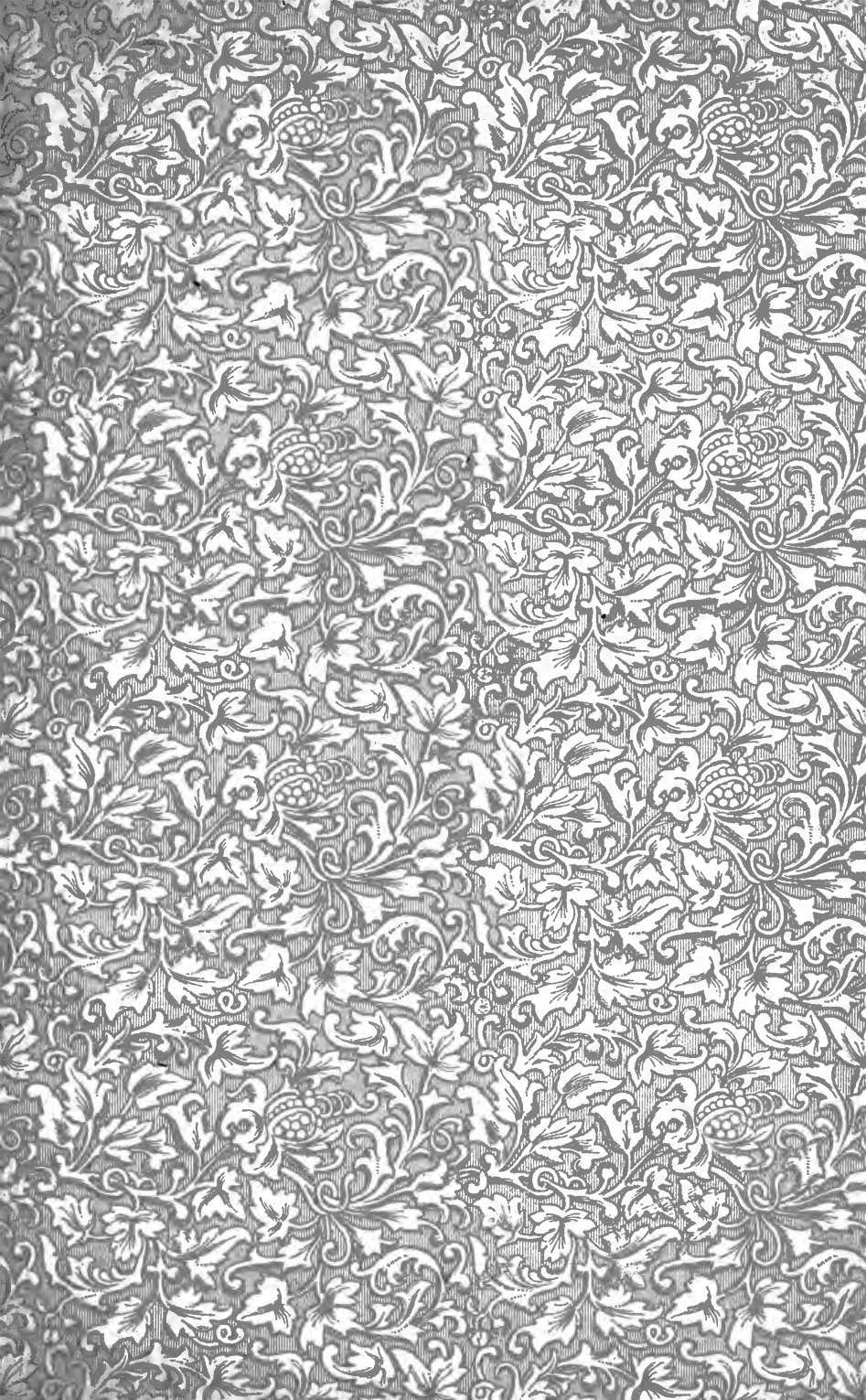
MAKE thyself a glorious sunbeam,
AND the light of peace, on the rock of danger,
IN passionate seas, on boisterous lakes,
NINETY times the tireless gull winds his free way to
thee,
EVERY noble minute thus speeding, I crave to recall.





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